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The SPHERE

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

1949

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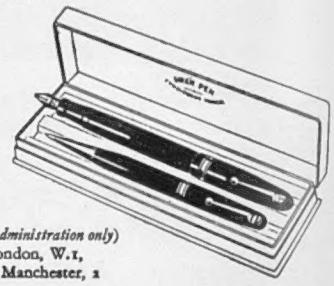

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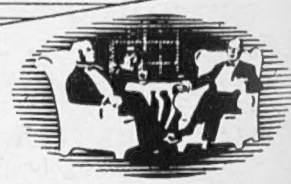

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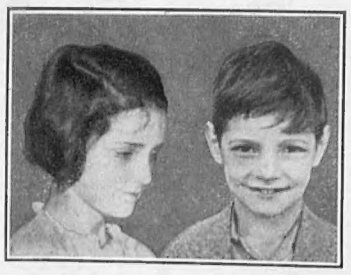

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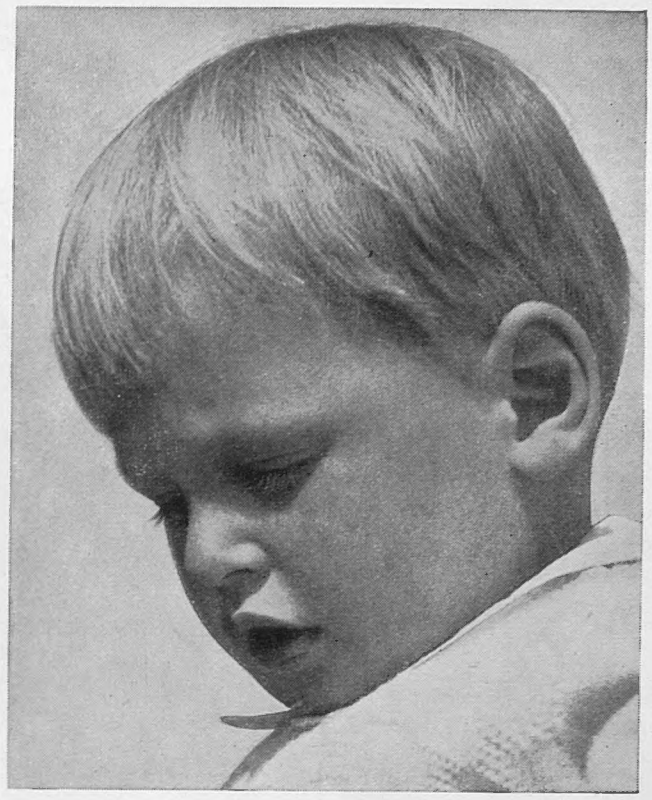

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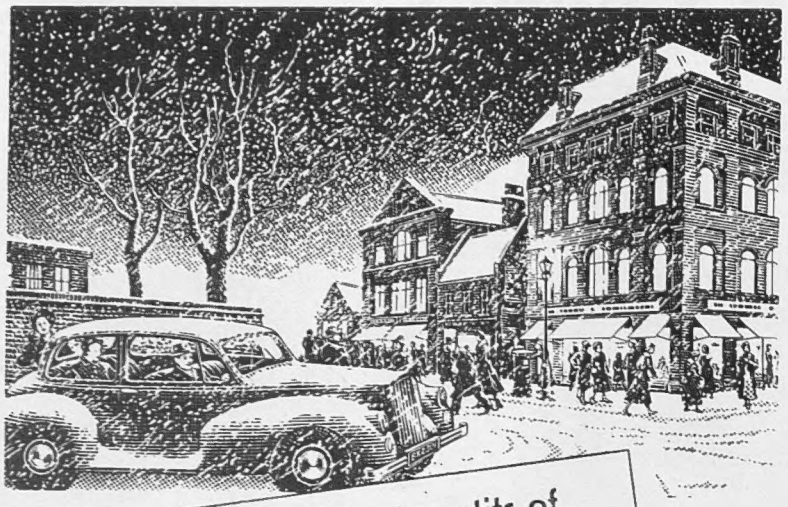

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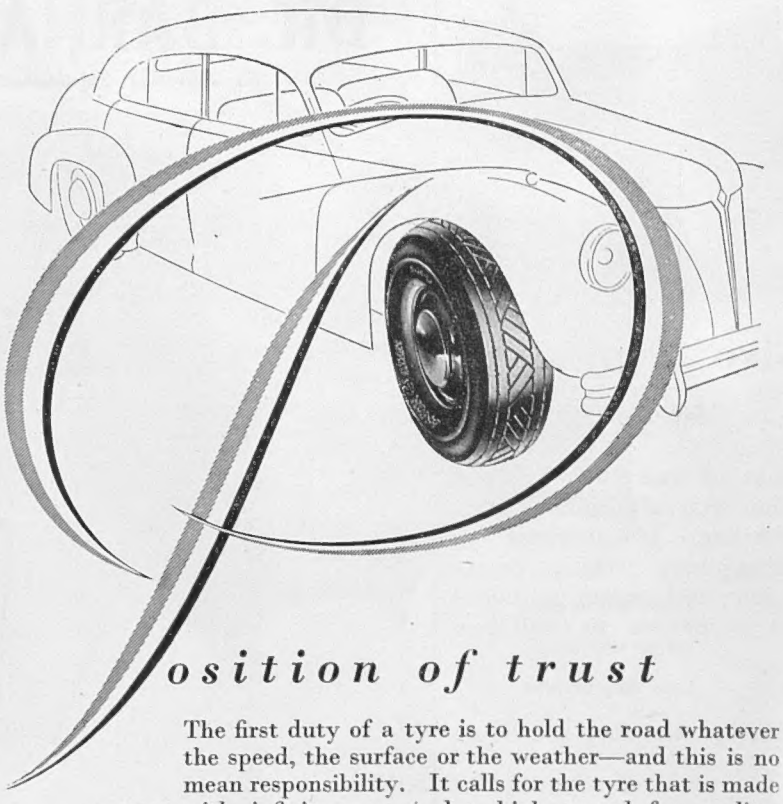

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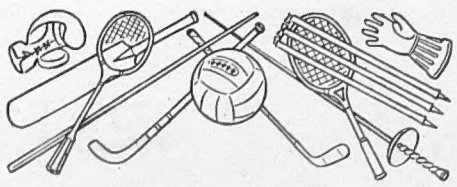

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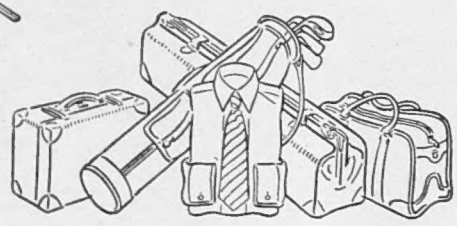

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For her...

For them

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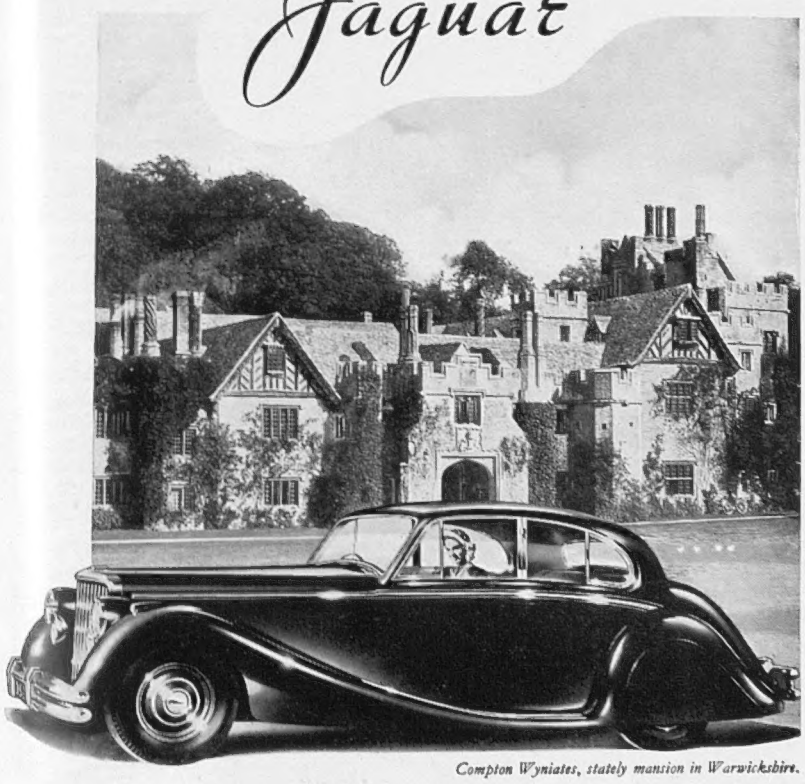

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The Sphere

To Wish Our Readers a merry Christmas and a very Happy and Peaceful New Year

Christmas 1949

"FANCIFUL-LIKE, Greenwich, 1881"

by Stella Gibbons

WHAT'S for you, sir? Madeira? Well now, we did have a Madeira, a very rich wine, but the last two glasses of it went yesterday morning to a gentleman—same as it might be yourself, sir—as was down here taking a package off the *Mary Logan*. Diamonds, I did hear; I suppose he didn't care to trust a messenger with them all the way to Hatton Garden. We got a Marsala I can recommend. Very good, sir. And two Bath Olivers? Very good, sir.

Here you are, sir. Thank you, sir; very much obliged.

Yes, it is quiet down here of a daytime, especially when there's no unloadin' or takin' on goods. I was in a West End house myself, for twenty years, and thought I'd like a change (my sister lives down here too), but Lord! at first I thought I'd never stick it—all them masts standin' up so quiet against the sky and the little grey 'ouses looking as if they was asleep. 'Course, it's different of a night-time. Very lively customers, some of the seafaring persons are. Not that we gets many of that sort in here; the master won't have it and we got a good chucker-out. We gets a better class of customer too than the low 'ouses do; captains, and first mates, and that sort; respectable men as brings their wives along for a glass of port and a chat. Oh, we hears everything that goes on. And it ain't always so quiet.

See that little 'ouse over there on the corner of the quay, painted white, with plants in the windows? That's Captain Haussey's house, that is, and only last week somethink very sad 'appened there. A young woman, his daughter, made away with herself. Jumped in the water at high tide and they didn't find the body for going on three days. She was a very genteel, nice-spoken young woman, Miss Ellen Haussey was; she come in here occasional with her pa for a glass of somethink and always had a smile and a word for you. Quiet, you know, and no beauty, but pretty eyes and that taking way with her.

Captain Haussey was very proud of her, she being the only one. Had her taught parley-vooing by some old mossoo living round in the back streets somewhere, and about two years ago she started having piano lessons from some young Eye-talian what come over here because his own country hadn't no more use for him. Her pa bought her a piano and all, and she soon got the 'ang of playing the notes. In the 'ot weather last year I used to 'ear the music coming across the quay through the open windows, ever so pretty it sounded and kind of cool in the heat. I used to lean out of the window meself to listen.

No, sir, I couldn't say as she always seemed un'appy. She seemed 'appy enough, only quiet, you know; not much to say for herself. Of course, it was that trouble with Captain Kane what drove her to do what she did. Everybody round here knows that. You see, sir, she was fond of music and flowers and reading and that sort o' thing—fanciful-like, and so she took it to heart where another girl would have laughed or slapped his face. It were her father's fault, partly, for bringing her up that way. And she didn't have no mother to tell her better.

Reproduced by permission of M. Barnard

"... SHE SOON GOT THE 'ANG OF PLAYING THE NOTES." In this story, by Stella Gibbons, the usual course of selecting an artist to illustrate a story has been reversed. Miss Gibbons was shown the James Tissot watercolour, which is reproduced above, and was asked to write a story to fit it. The result is "Fanciful-Like."

James Joseph Jacques Tissot was born at Nantes in 1836 and his early wanderings along the waterfront gave him a love of shipping that inspired many of the settings of his pictures. He had early success, exhibiting at the Paris Salon in 1859. In 1871 he came to London and settled in St. John's Wood. He was soon established as a painter and as a member of fashionable society and, by 1876, was at the height of his career. But, from the following year, he was seen less and less by his friends because of his *liaison* with the mysterious lady, whose story has never been elucidated. For her, he gave up society; and it is assumed that it was after her death, or after the end of the *liaison*, that Tissot left London in 1882. Many of his paintings, during this period, include the figure of the same young woman; many were painted at Greenwich, where the artist could indulge his old love of ships, their spars and rigging. The above watercolour may be a portrait of Tissot's lady and it was very probably painted at Greenwich.

Captain Kane's to blame most of all, so everybody round here says, but for my part I blames his first mate, Walter Dawson. He's a real nasty character, that cove is. You can't never tell whether he's having a joke with you or in dead earnest and I hates a man like that, you don't know where you are with him. And he's as jealous as an old maid. Extraordinary character for a seaman, but then there is some very rum sorts in this life, as I expect you've 'ad experience of, sir, being a business gentleman.

Mark you, I don't say as how his hints and jokes would have set Captain Kane against Ellen Haussey if the Captain hadn't been the fanciful sort himself. He's a big fair cove Captain Kane is, with a loud voice and a loud laugh. Oh, you know who's master when he's giving orders, and no one wouldn't never think he's got a 'magination. But he has. I seen all types up in the West End, gentlemen and artists and actors and all, and I knows humanity.

He was very taken with Ellen Haussey. Never says anything to anyone, of course, but you could see. Her pa and him gets acquainted one evening about a year ago in this very saloon bar, and they takes a fancy to one another. Captain Kane is away in the *Star of Egypt* most of the year, o' course, but when he's on shore he takes to going round to Captain Haussey's house (the old man retired fifteen years ago) for *musical evenin's*. Everybody round here thinks he's going to pop the question to Ellen, and some of the seafaring wives as comes in here regular for their glass spoke very 'ardly about it. Saying Ellen would never see twenty-seven again and it was her last chance—jealous, you see, sir, because of her music and French.

As for Walter Dawson, him as is first mate on the *Star of Egypt*, it's my belief, sir, he downright *'ated* them two, Ellen Haussey and Captain Kane, because they was more genteel, if you take my meaning, sir, than what he was. All he cares about is drinking and fighting and the lowest of low women, if you'll excuse me, sir, and he couldn't understand genteel ways.

And so he was always getting in a joking word about Ellen's Eye-talian music master. Oh, I've heard him, in this very bar. Nothing much, you know; nothing you could take him up sharp about. All quite good-natured, seemingly. And p'raps he really did think she was carrying on with this here Eye-talian and thought he ought to drop the Captain a hint. I'm blessed if I know *what* to think. With men like that who aren't never serious, you can't never tell.

All I know is, and anybody round here will tell you the same, when Captain Kane and Dawson come back from their last voyage to Spain with a cargo o' lemons and oranges, Captain Kane weren't himself. He never laughed no more, nor talked, nor had a word for anyone, nor said a word about

(*Concluded on page 50*)

One of the Victorian Gems from the Chantrey Exhibition

St. Martin-in-the-Fields in the Eighties by William Logsdail

(Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery)

St. Martin-in-the-Fields was built in 1722 to the design of the well-known architect James Gibbs, who was also responsible for St. Mary-le-Strand and for the Radcliffe Camera at Oxford. A church of the same name has existed on the site since 1222. A later church built by Henry VIII and enlarged in 1667, was demolished in 1721 to give place to the present structure. The portico has been described as the only perfect example of a Grecian portico in London, and the building formed the model for St. Paul's Church on Broadway, New York. "in-the-fields" refers to its situation, outside the city proper, to distinguish it from other churches eastwards under the same dedication —a distinction shared by its sister church of St. Giles.

William Logsdail died at the age of 85 in 1944. Success came early to him. From the age of 15 he maintained himself by his painting; and, before he was 18, he had had four pictures hung on the line at the Royal Academy. In 1879 he went to Antwerp to study under Professor Verlat. He opened a studio there and, in 1881, moved to Venice, where he lived until 1887, when he came to London. In 1892 he returned to Venice, and remained until 1901 when he again came to London to devote himself almost entirely to portrait painting. "St. Martin-in-the-Fields" was purchased by the Chantrey Fund in 1888, and was exhibited at Burlington House in the exhibition of the Chantrey Collection last winter. During his first period in Antwerp, Logsdail continued to exhibit at the Royal Academy and "The Antwerp Fish Market," painted at that time, was bought by Queen Victoria.

The Feudal Christmas

BRINGING IN THE YULE LOG

Laughter and jesting ruled the court that day,
When to the hearth that blazed around the hall
They drew the Yule Log in from frosty night
And set it burning in the sight of all.

The cheers that rent the rafters now are stilled,
The Feudal pomp is gone for evermore ;
But we are richer by that heritage,
The sum of earth's rejoicing held in store.

A Restoration comedy enacted upon ice
To give the festive season its veritable spice;
To give the jaded reveller another kind of glow;
And joy to every lady and her Restoration beau.

Christmas in Restoration Days

THE HOUSE PARTY GOES OUT TO THE ICE

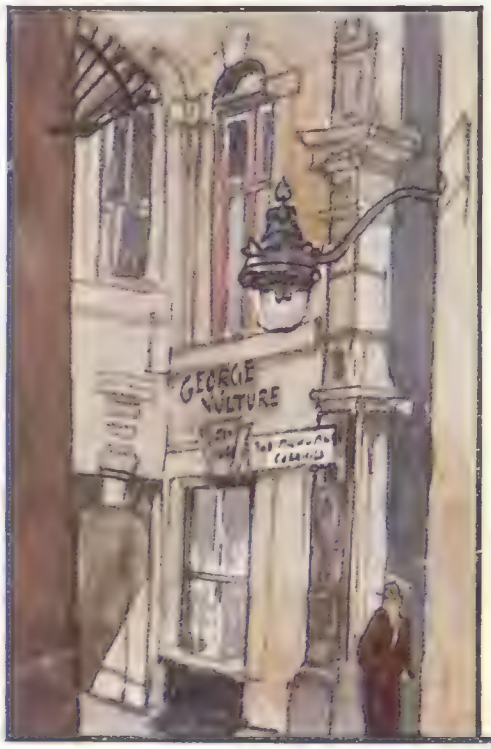
SURVIVING LINKS with CHARLES DICKENS

EXTREME LEFT: THE HOLBORN GATEWAY TO GRAY'S INN. In Dickens' day the building was an inn. He made David Copperfield occupy a bedroom there. Nearby, in South Square, is the house where Tommy Traddles and his wife lived when they were first married. The house is now uninhabitable but is to be restored.

LEFT: ALDGATE PUMP. It is mentioned in *Dombey and Son*. The lovesick and disconsolate Mr. Toots took "a little turn to Aldgate Pump and back."

EXTREME LEFT, BELOW: THE "GEORGE AND VULTURE" TAVERN OFF LOMBARD STREET. The portion remaining of the old entrance is much as it was when Tony Weller and Mr. Pickwick used the hostelry. The interior, and especially the dining room, is very fine.

BELOW, CENTRE: "YE OLDE CHESHIRE CHEESE." The famous inn in Fleet Street is much as it was in Dickens' time. In *Tale of Two Cities*, Carton took Darnay there, after his acquittal.



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"LOVERS' VOWS" at MANSFIELD PARK

Described by John Oliver

Illustrated by J. S. Goodall

With excerpts from Jane Austen's Famous Novel

A portrait of Jane Austen by her sister, Cassandra. The original is in the National Portrait Gallery

JANE AUSTEN was born in 1775 at Steventon Rectory, in Hampshire, the youngest of seven children of the Rev. George Austen. In 1801 the family moved to Bath and, eight years later, they settled in the cottage at Chawton, where Jane lived until 1817, when her health was declining, and she moved to Winchester to be near her doctor. She died there two months later. Jane Austen's great reputation is based on six novels. All were published between 1811 and 1818. It is interesting to note that, between the ages of thirteen and sixteen, while living at Steventon, she took part in private theatricals—a fact which makes the highly moral tone, adopted by the virtuous characters in Mansfield Park *towards the incident, recalled on these pages, somewhat puzzling.*

Mansfield Park *was published in 1814. Its heroine, Fanny Price, is a timid, gentle creature. The daughter of a Lieutenant of Marines and his wife with a "superfluity of children," she is received into the house of an aunt, who "had the good luck to captivate Sir Thomas Bertram of Mansfield Park." From the beginning, Fanny is comforted by Sir Thomas's younger son, Edmund, and it is not long before her affection for him is equal to that for her favourite brother, William. Sir Thomas is aloof and rather pompous, although he grows to love her. Tom, the eldest son, hardly notices her, and the two daughters Maria and Julia, are vain and do not consider her worth their attention. Lady Bertram, vague and selfish, is not unkindly, but her sister, Mrs. Norris, can think only of her personal importance and of the great honour bestowed on Fanny by her being permitted to live at Mansfield Park.*

Chawton Cottage, where Jane Austen lived from 1809 until shortly before her death and where she wrote *Mansfield Park*

'. . . and to make *you* amends, Yates, I think we must raise a little theatre at Mansfield, and ask you to be our manager'

THE plot of Lovers' Vows, *the play which was rehearsed although never finally acted at Mansfield Park, is not told in Miss Austen's novel. It is not perhaps generally known that it was an actual play, written by Mrs. Inchbald, a celebrated dramatist of her day. Elizabeth Inchbald was born in 1753, died in* 1821. Lovers' Vows, *adapted from a play by Kotzebue, was, produced at Covent Garden in 1798, sixteen years before* Mansfield Park *was published. It appears an innocuous, even a moral piece to present-day readers. Yet Edmund, in Miss Austen's novel, is convinced that his father would not approve of the play being performed by his daughters, and the episode is an interesting commentary upon the manners of the day, besides affording Miss Austen a highly entertaining situation with which to forward her plot and to add much pointed definition to the characters of her novel. On the following pages the episode is recalled to our readers with extracts from the novel.*

'My father wished us, as schoolboys, to speak well, but he would never wish his grown-up daughters to be acting plays. His sense of decorum is strict'

'We have got a play,' said he—'It is to be Lovers' Vows*; and I am to be Count Cassel, and am to come in first with a blue dress, and a pink satin cloak, and afterwards am to have another fine fancy suit by way of a shooting dress. I do not know how I shall like it'*

THE company which was assembled at Mansfield Park at the time of the great experiment in amateur theatricals was a rich and "varied one." It is true that the master of the house, Sir Thomas Bertram, was at his estate in Antigua; but the amiable, although selfish and idle Lady Bertram was there, as was her selfish and disagreeable widowed sister, Mrs. Norris. There were the children of the house, the irresponsible eldest son, Tom; his worthy brother Edmund, and the daughters, Maria and Julia. Fanny Price had arrived down in her uncle's house by this time, but she was as timid and gentle as when she had first come to live at Mansfield Park, and she was over-conscious of her beloved Edmund's infatuation with Mary Crawford, who had come to stay with her half-sister, Mrs. Grant, wife of the new Vicar of Mansfield. Fanny and Edmund were against the plan from the beginning, but no such qualms affected the rest of the family. Mary Crawford had asked to be admitted to the company, and Henry, her brother, was an enthusiast when the play was first discussed. It was Tom Bertram's friend, the Honourable John Yates, who "had not much to recommend him beyond habits of fashion and expense, and being the younger son of a lord with a tolerable independence," who inspired the scheme, for he had come to Mansfield Park from the seat of another friend, Lord Ravenshaw, where *Lovers' Vows* was about to be played, when the disobliging death of a relative had brought the party to an end. He could talk of nothing but his ill-fortune.

"'"It is not worth complaining about,' he said, 'but to be sure, the poor old dowager could not have died at a worse time; and it is impossible to help wishing that the news could have been suppressed for just the three days we wanted. It was but three days; and being only a grandmother, and all happening two hundred miles off, I think there would have been no great harm, and it *was* suggested, I know; but Lord Ravenshaw, who, I suppose, is one of the most correct men in England, would not hear of it.'"

"'"An after-piece instead of a comedy,' said Mr. Bertram. 'Lovers' Vows were at an end, and Lord and Lady Ravenshaw left to act My Grandmother by themselves. Well, the jointure may comfort *him*; and perhaps, between friends, he began to tremble for his credit and his lungs in the Baron (Lord Ravenshaw was to have played Baron Wildenhaim in *Lovers' Vows*) and was not sorry to withdraw; and to make you amends, Yates, I think we must raise a little theatre at Mansfield, and ask you to be our manager.' This, though the thought of the moment, did not end with the moment; for the inclination to act was awakened, and in no one more strongly than in him who was now master of the house . . .'"

Edmund at once opposed Tom's suggestion. "'"It would show great want of feeling on my father's account, absent as he is, and in some degree of constant danger; and it would be imprudent, I think, with regard to Maria, whose situation is a very delicate one, considering everything, extremely delicate."'" (Maria, engaged to the rich and stupid Mr. Rushworth, was already showing interest in Henry Crawford.) But Tom was not to be discouraged. "'"Nobody is fonder of the exercise of talent in young people, or promotes it more, than my father; and for any thing of the acting, spouting, reciting kind, I think he has always a decided taste. I am sure he encouraged it in us as boys. How many a time have we mourned over the dead body of Julius Cæsar, and *to be'd* and *not to be'd*, in this very room, for his amusement! And I am sure, *my name was Norval*, every evening of my life through one Christmas holidays.'"'

'There is but one thing to be done, Fanny. I must take Anhalt myself'

To prompt them must be enough for them enough; for she could not

" ' It was a very different thing,' said Edmund, ' you must see the difference yourself. My father wished us, as schoolboys, to speak well, but he would never wish his grown-up daughters to be acting plays. His sense of decorum is strict.' "

Eventually Edmund was overruled by his elder brother, but " ' as to acting myself,' he said, ' *that* I absolutely protest against.' "

Even Aunt Norris supported the scheme. " The scheme advanced. Opposition was vain; and as to Mrs. Norris, he was mistaken in supposing she would wish to make any. She started no difficulties that were not talked down in five minutes by her eldest nephew and niece, who were all-powerful with her; and as the whole arrangement was to bring very little expense to anybody, and none at all to herself, as she foresaw in it all the comforts of hurry, bustle and importance, and derived the immediate advantage of fancying herself obliged to leave her own house, where she had been living a month at her own cost, and take up her abode in their's, that every hour might be spent in their service; she was, in fact, exceedingly delighted with the project."

And so the plan began with a long discussion on the merits and demerits of various plays, and the suitability for tragedy or comedy of the potential actors and actresses. At last *Lovers' Vows* was decided upon and discussion broke out anew as to how it should be cast. Both Maria and Julia wanted the part of Agatha, but it was Henry Crawford who engineered that Maria should play her, and he was supported by Tom. When Edmund returned, Mr. Rushworth greeted him. " ' We have got a play,' said he. ' It is to be *Lovers' Vows*; and I am to be Count Cassel, and am to come in first with a blue dress, and a pink satin cloak, and afterwards am to have another fine fancy suit by way of a shooting dress. I do not know how I shall like it.' "

' My father is come! He is in the hall at this moment '

' and it was sometimes more always pay attention to the book

The plot of *Lovers' Vows* involves the seduction of Agatha by Baron Wildenhaim and their final reconciliation; the choice of Count Cassel (" a rich and rakish nobleman ") as suitor for Amelia (the Baron's daughter by his legitimate marriage) and the love of Amelia for her former tutor, Anhalt, and their eventual betrothal. The other leading character is Frederick, the illegitimate son of Baron Wildenhaim and Agatha, whose heroic behaviour throughout saves his mother and helps to bring about the reconciliation. Edmund remarks, upon hearing the choice of play, " ' But what do you do for women ? ' "

And his concern was justified when it transpired that Maria was to act several affectionate scenes with Henry Crawford, while Mr. Rushworth played an unsympathetic role. His interest was aroused again when he learned that Mary Crawford as Amelia must play love scenes with another and, first seeking Fanny's approbation, he finally persuaded himself to take the part of Anhalt. " ' There is but *one* thing to be done, Fanny. I must take Anhalt myself. I am well aware that nothing else will quiet Tom.' " Fanny could not answer him. " ' It is not at all what I like,' he continued. ' No man can like being driven into the *appearance* of such inconsistency. After being known to oppose the scheme from the beginning, there is absurdity in the face of my joining them *now* when they are exceeding their first plan in every respect;

. . . found himself on the stage of a theatre, and opposed to a ranting young man, who appeared likely to knock him down backwards

but I can think of no other alternative. Can you, Fanny ? ' " Fanny could not; but the situation had got beyond her, and it was not long before she was hearing Mary and Edmund rehearse their love scene. " To prompt them must be enough for her; and it was sometimes *more* than enough, for she could not always pay attention to the book. In watching them she forgot herself; and agitated by the increasing spirit of Edmund's manner, had once closed the page and turned away exactly as he wanted help."

And so the time for the first regular rehearsal of the three acts drew near. Mrs. Grant could not attend, because of her husband's indisposition, and Fanny was forced, against her will, to read the part. " They *did* begin—and being too much engaged in their own noise, to be struck by unusual noise in the other part of the house, had proceeded some way, when the door of the room was thrown open, and Julia appearing at it, with a face all aghast, exclaimed, ' My father 's come ! He is in the hall at this moment ! ' "

The party broke up in consternation; Sir Thomas joined his family and it was some time before Tom remembered that Yates was rehearsing by himself in the billiard room.

" ' Then poor Yates is all alone ! ' cried Tom. ' I will go and fetch him. He will be no bad assistant when it all comes out.'

To the theatre he went, and reached it just in time to witness the meeting of his father and his friend. Sir Thomas had been a good deal surprised to find candles burning in his room; and on casting his eye round it, to see other symptoms of recent habitation, and a general air of confusion in the furniture. The removal of the book-case from before the billiard-room door struck him especially, but he had scarcely more than time to feel astonished at all this, before there were sounds from the billiard room to astonish him still further. Someone was talking there in a very loud accent—he did not know the voice—*more* than talking—almost hallooing. He stept to the door, rejoicing at that moment in having the means of immediate communication, and, opening it, found himself on the stage of a theatre, and opposed to a ranting young man, who appeared likely to knock him down backwards. At the very moment of Yates perceiving Sir Thomas and giving perhaps the very best start he had ever given in the whole course of rehearsals, Tom Bertram entered at the other end of the room; and never had he found greater difficulty in keeping his countenance. His father's looks of solemnity and amazement on this his first appearance on any stage, and the gradual metamorphosis of the impassioned Baron Wildenhaim into the well-bred and easy Mr. Yates, making his bow and apology to Sir Thomas Bertram, was such an exhibition, such a piece of true acting as he would not have lost upon any account. It would be the last—in all probability the last scene on that stage; but he was sure there could not be a finer. The house would close with the greatest éclat."

' We have all been more or less to blame,' said he, ' everyone of us, excepting Fanny '

The next morning Edmund went to his father to " give him a fair statement of the whole acting scheme, defending his own share in it as far only as he could then, in a soberer moment, feel his motives to deserve, and acknowledging with perfect ingenuousness that his concession had been attended with such partial good as to make his judgment in it very doubtful. He was anxious, while vindicating himself, to say nothing unkind of the others; but there was only one amongst them whose conduct he could mention without some necessity of defence or palliation. ' We have all been more or less to blame,' said he, ' every one of us, excepting Fanny. Fanny is the only one who has judged rightly throughout, who has been consistent. *Her* feelings have been steadily against it from first to last. She never ceased to think of what was due to you. You will find Fanny everything you could wish.'

(Concluded on page 50)

"Generation to Generation" was one of the two exhibits of eighty-three-year-old Charles Spencelayh in this year's Royal Academy. The other, "Part of My Stock-in-Trade," is reproduced on page 34 of this number. Spencelayh's *genre* pictures have collected crowds at Burlington House for many years, for the intricacy of their detail rewards close study. The old lady reading her family Bible in the above picture is a fellow-octogenarian, who has posed for the artist for three of his pictures. In last year's Academy, she was pictured studying her bread ration-card. She is Miss Maycock, who lives at Bozeat, in Northamptonshire, the home of the artist. She still works, helping Mrs. Spencelayh in the house. "Generation to Generation" is reproduced by permission of its owner, Mr. Claude Wilson, who bought the picture after the opening day of this year's exhibition

GENERATION TO GENERATION

Her little arm and hand trembled as she clung to Miss Timmens' gown

The Angels' Music

(from the 'Johnny Ludlow' Papers)

by Mrs. Henry Wood

Illustrated by Pauline Baynes

THE company began to arrive at four o'clock. The snow had ceased to fall; it was a fine, cold, clear evening, the moon very bright. A large store-room at the back of the house had been cleared out, and a huge fire made in it. The walls were decorated with evergreens, and tin sconces holding candles; benches from the school-house were ranged underneath them. This was to be the principal play-room, but the other rooms were open. Mrs. Hill and Maria Lease came up by invitation to help Miss Timmens with the children; and Mrs. Trewin would have come but for her fall on the slide. Miss Timmens appeared in full feather: a purple gown of shot silk, with a red waist-band, and red holly berries in her lace cap. The children, timid at first, sat round on the forms in prim stillness, just like so many mice.

By far the most timid of all was a gentle little thing of seven years old, got up like a lady; white frock, black sash and sleeve ribbons. She was delicate-featured, blue-eyed, had curling flaxen hair. It was Nettie Trewin. Far superior she looked to all of them; out of place, in fact, amongst so many coarser natures. Her little arm and hand trembled as she clung to Miss Timmens' gown.

"Senseless little thing," cried Miss Timmens, "to be afraid in a beautiful room like this, and with all these kind friends around her! Would you believe it, Mr. Johnny, that I could hardly get her here? Afraid, she said, to come without mother!"

Mrs. Henry Wood's first stories were contributed to *Bentley's Miscellany* and to Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine*. Harrison Ainsworth was the proprietor of these magazines, and his cousin, Francis Ainsworth, who was editor, admitted that it was her stories alone (for which she received small payment) that had kept them going for some years. In January, 1861, her long story *East Lynne* began in the *New Monthly Magazine*. It was highly praised and became a best-seller. Several dramatic versions of the book were written, and some are still regularly performed. For these Mrs. Henry Wood received neither payment nor royalties, owing to a defect in the copyright law. The story which we publish is one of the *Johnny Ludlow* tales, which are considered her best work. These stories began to appear in the *Argosy* in 1868, but she did not admit to their authorship until 1879. Ellen Wood was born in 1814. When still a girl, she contracted a spinal disease which affected her health throughout her life. Most of her writing was done while she lay in a reclining chair. She died in 1887.

There she was: Nettie Trewin!

" Oh, Nettie ! Why, you are going to have lots of fun ! Is mother better this evening ? "

" Yes," whispered Nettie, venturing to take a peep at me through her wet eyelashes.

The order of the day was this. Tea at once, consisting of as much bread-and-butter and plum-cake as they could eat ; games afterwards. The savoury pies and tartlets later on ; more cake to wind up with, which, if they had no room for, they might carry home.

After all signs of tea had disappeared, and our neighbours, the Coneys, had come in, and several round rings were seated on the floor at " Hunt-the-Slipper," I, chancing to draw within earshot, found Miss Timmens had opened out her grievance to the Squire—the parson's interference with the school.

" You may as well try to beat commonsense into a broomstick as into Mr. Bruce. The other day—what, is it you again, Nettie ! " she broke off, as the little white-robed child sidled up and hid her head in what appeared to be her haven of refuge—the folds of the purple gown. " Never was such a child as this, for shyness. Do you suppose the gentlefolk are going to eat you, Nettie ? "

" There 's nothing to be afraid of, little lassie. What child is it ? " added the Squire, struck with her appearance.

" Tell your name to the Squire," said Miss Timmens, with authority. And the little one lifted her pretty blue eyes appealingly to his face, as if beseeching him not to bite her.

" It 's Nettie Trewin, sir," she said in a whisper.

" You came here to play, you know, Nettie," said Miss Timmens, " not to hide your face. What are they all stirring at now ? Oh, going to have ' Puss-in-the-Corner.' You can play at that, Nettie. Here, Jane Bright ! Take Nettie with you and attend to her. Find her a corner : she has not had any play at all."

A tall, awkward girl stepped up : slouching shoulders, narrow forehead, stolid features, coarse hair all ruffled ; thick legs, thick boots—Miss Jane Bright. She seized Nettie's hand.

The Squire had gone on at first against the party ; but no face was more sunshiny than his, now that he was in the thick of it. A select few of the children, with ours and the little Lawsons, had appropriated the dining-room for " Hunt-the-Whistle." The pater chanced to look in just before it began, and we got him to be the hunter. I shall never forget it as long as I live. I don't believe I had ever laughed as much before. He did not know the play, or the trick of it : and to see him whirling himself about in search of the whistle as it was blown behind his back, now seizing on this bold whistler, believing he or she must be in possession of the whistle, and now on that one, all unconscious that the whistle was fastened to the back button of his own coat ; and to look at the puzzled wonder of his face as to where the whistle could possibly be, and how it contrived to elude his grasp, was something to be remembered. The shrieks of laughter might have been heard down at the Ravine. Tod had to sit on the floor and hold his sides ; Tom Coney was in convulsions.

One required a respite after the whistle-hunt. I put my back against the wall in the large room, and watched the different sets of long tails, then pulling fiercely at " Oranges and Lemons."

A commotion ! Half-a-dozen of the " lemons," pulling too fiercely, had come to grief on the ground. Maria went to the rescue. . . .

" Now, where 's that senseless little Nettie ? "

The words, spoken sharply, came from Miss Timmens. But if she did possess a sharp-toned tongue, she was good and kind at heart. The young crew were sitting down at the long table to the savoury pies and tartlets ; Miss Timmens, taking stock of them, missed Nettie.

" Jane Bright, go and find Nettie Trewin."

Half-a-dozen of the " lemons," pulling too fiercely, had come to grief on the ground

Not daring to disobey the curt command, but looking as though she feared her portion of the good things would be eaten up during her absence, Jane Bright disappeared. Back she came in a brace of shakes, saying Nettie " was not there."

" Maria Lease, where 's Nettie Trewin ? " asked Miss Timmens.

Maria turned from the table. " Nettie Trewin ? " she repeated, looking about her. " I don't know. She must be somewhere or other."

" I wish to goodness you 'd find her then."

Maria Lease could not see anything of the child. " Nettie Trewin " was called out high and low ; but it brought forth no response. The servants were sent to look over the house, with no better result.

" She is hiding somewhere in her shyness," said Miss Timmens. " I have a great mind to punish her for this."

" She can't have got into the rain-water butt ? " suggested the Squire. " Molly, go and look."

It was not very likely : as the barrel was quite six feet high. But, as the Squire once got into the water-butt to hide himself, when he was a climbing youngster, and had reasons for anticipating a whipping, his thoughts naturally flew to it.

" Well, she must be somewhere," cried he, when we laughed at him. " She could not sink through the floor."

" Who saw her last ? " repeated Miss Timmens. " Do you hear, children ? Just stop eating for a minute, and answer."

(*Continued on page 40*)

A POTTERY VASE OF MIXED FLOWERS by JAN BRUEGEL

Jan Bruegel, the son of "Pieter the Droll" and father of Ambrosius, was born at Brussels in 1568. His early work consisted mainly of flower-and-fruit paintings, but, after visiting Italy, he began to paint landscapes. He is often known as "Velvet" Bruegel because of his liking for wearing velvet suits

FLOWER PAINTINGS OF THE 17TH AND 18TH CENTURY

FOUR PAGES OF REPRESENTATIVE PICTURES BY THE DUTCH MASTERS

It was not until the end of the sixteenth century that the painting of flowers as a subject rather than as decoration began in Europe. But from then on flower pictures have been popular, and they are particularly in vogue now, since they fit in with most decorative schemes and are of a suitable size for small rooms. The Dutch were the first to paint flower pictures and the reproductions on these and the following pages, which are reproduced by permission of Mr. M. Bernard, provide examples of some of the finest

GLASS VASE OF MIXED FLOWERS ON A MARBLE SLAB by MARIA VAN OOSTERWYCK

Maria van Oosterwyck was born at Nootdorp, a small town near Delft, in 1630. Her father, a clergyman, encouraged her interest in painting and placed her under the tuition of a well-known flower painter, Jan Davidsz de Heem. She soon learned all she could from him and received commissions from many of the sovereigns of Europe. The Emperor Leopold I was so pleased with a picture that he sent her a portrait of himself and the Empress, set with diamonds, as a mark of his approbation. Her works are extremely scarce. She died at Entdam in 1693

VASE OF FLOWERS, A BASKET OF FRUIT WITH DELFT PLATE, FRUIT, SHELLS AND INSECTS ON A TABLE by B. VAN DER AST

Balthasar van der Ast worked in Utrecht during the first half of the seventeenth century, specialising in small pictures of fruit and flowers, done in the manner of Bruegel. He loved to introduce insects, shells, drops of water, and other such additions, as can be seen in the above reproduction, which was painted on panel. Van der Ast was born in 1590 and, in 1619, was received into the Guild of St. Luke as Baltus Van der Asch. He died in 1656

Flower Paintings of the 17th and 18th Century

MIXED FLOWERS
by
P. T. Van BRUSSEL

This fine specimen of the work of Paulus Theodorus Van Brussel was painted on panel and is signed and dated 1790. It is one of the later works (he died at Amsterdam in 1795, only five years later) which are considered his best. P. T. Van Brussel was born at Zuid-Polsbroek near Schoonhooven in 1754 and became a scholar of Jean Augustin and of H. Meyer of Haarlem. He was first employed in the manufacture of tapestry, but his interests were in painting natural objects and he became one of the most celebrated painters of fruit and flowers of his day. Specimens of his work are to be found in many of the richest collections. The minute and loving detail which he put into his work may be studied in the above picture of a terra-cotta vase of mixed flowers and a bird's-nest on a marble slab.

Flower Paintings of the 17th and 18th Century

FLOWERS WITH INSECTS, LIZARD AND CHERRIES by AMBROSIUS BRUEGEL

The great Bruegel family of painters, who flourished in the 16th and 17th Centuries, took their name from that of a small village near Breda, where the first member of the family lived. One of the greatest works of Pieter the Droll (grandfather of Ambrosius), "The Netherlands Proverbs," is reproduced in the centre of this number and a flower painting by Jan "Velvet" (sometimes "Fluweelen" or "Blumen") Bruegel, Ambrosius's father, may be found on the first page of this section. Ambrosius was born in 1617. He was taught by Jan Bruegel and by David Teniers and in 1653 became director of the Academy at Antwerp, a position he held until 1670. His works are rare. The fine example reproduced above was painted on copper and is signed with initials and dated 1647.

A GLASS OF FLOWERS WITH BUTTERFLY by DANIEL SEGHERS

Born at Antwerp in 1590, Daniel Seghers was first a pupil of his father Pieter. His talent for painting flowers and fruit led him to become a disciple of Jan Bruegel. His reputation grew rapidly and he frequently painted borders of flowers round portraits and historical subjects for his friend Rubens. The most notable of these is the garland about a Virgin and Child by Rubens in the Jesuits' church at Antwerp. Seghers himself cultivated the flowers which he used as his models and his work is of remarkable brilliancy.

GLASS OF FLOWERS WITH SNAIL by A. de LUST

A. de Lust is believed to have lived from 1600 to 1660, but exact dates are uncertain. Little is known about the man, but he may be the same as the flower painter Lusse, who worked in Paris in 1650, according to Nagler.

FLOWER PAINTINGS OF THE 17th AND 18th CENTURY

GLASS OF FLOWERS ON A MARBLE SLAB by A. BOSSCHAERT

Bosschaert worked at Antwerp between 1588 and 1640. He was born there about 1570 and is believed to have died at Utrecht in 1645. The facts about his life are uncertain, but he entered the guild of Antwerp in 1593 and was doyen of the guild of Middelbourg from 1597 to 1613. In Utrecht he lived with Balthasar van der Ast, one of whose pictures is reproduced on the first page of this section.

GLASS VASE OF FLOWERS WITH BUTTERFLY by RACHEL RUYSCH

Rachel Ruysch was born in Amsterdam in 1664. Her talent developed early and she was placed with an eminent flower painter, William van Aelst. She soon surpassed him and became painter to the Elector Palatine. She married young and bore ten children. She preferred painting exotic flowers to those of her own country, and often introduced minutely painted insects peculiar to the country from which the flowers derived. Rachel Ruysch continued painting until a late age, and died in Amsterdam in her eighty-sixth year.

A Masterpiece of the Sixteenth Century—

...ration of the details in the abo...

The Netherlands Proverbs by Pieter Bruegel

abc picture see the full story and key on page 52

A GAME OF BOWLS IN A SUFFOLK VILLAGE by AN UNKNOWN DUTCH PAINTER OF THE 17TH CENTURY

The game of bowls has been known in England as early as the 13th century and was probably played before then, as it is one of the simplest (albeit by no means the least skilful) of ball games. The perfectly balanced bowls and the carefully tended lawns of the modern game make an interesting comparison with the crude pitch here depicted, outside the Little Brown Jug inn of a small Suffolk village, during the 17th century. It will be noticed that a small pin, fixed in the ground, replaces the "Jack" and there is no footer or "carpet" from which the player makes his throw. Note the old inn sign over the door on the right.

THE CURLERS by SIR GEORGE HARVEY, P.R.S.A. (1806-1876)

This painting of the national game of Scotland was exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy in 1835 and is signed and dated that year. It is believed that the game of curling was introduced by the Fleming family, many of whom settled in Scotland in the reigns of Henry V and Henry VI. Pennant, in his Scottish tour in 1792, notes: "Of all the sports of these parts, that of curling is a favourite, and one unknown in England; it is an amusement of the winter and played on the ice by sliding from one mark to another great stones of 30 to 50 pounds weight of an irregular hemispherical form, with an iron or wooden handle at the top." The original picture is 69 in. wide by 23½ in. deep.

BRITISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES

A FOUR PAGE SECTION OF SPORTING PICTURES FROM HUTCHINSON HOUSE

THE TRIMMED COCK by FRANCIS SARTORIUS (1734-1804)

The original of this picture shows a life-size portrait of a fighting cock. The method of fitting silver spurs to replace the natural ones is well demonstrated. The origin of the phrase "To show the white feather" is also made clear.

On left. COCK FIGHTING—THE DEATH by EDWIN COOPER of BECCLES (Signed and dated 1816)

The picture makes a pair with another by the same artist entitled *Cock-Fighting Set-To.*

There were many cockpits in London, notably those in Drury Lane, in Whitehall and one in Birdcage Walk which was illustrated by Hogarth.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW'S FAIR by CHARLES GREEN, R.I. (1840-1898)

London's newest gallery, the National Gallery of British Sports and Pastimes, founded by Walter Hutchinson, and opened earlier this year, has already taken its place among the older institutions. It is appropriately situated at Derby House, Stratford Place, former London house of the great sporting family and now re-named Hutchinson House. There are more than three thousand paintings and prints in the collection, some six hundred of which are on view at a time. One room has been devoted to Stubbs ; there are a number of Ben Marshall's and, as might be expected, the horse has the predominating place among subjects. But all sports and pastimes come within the scope of the collection and its catholicity may be judged by the reproductions on these and the following two pages.

The busy scene is full of incident, after the manner of Frith. The entertainments include Wombwell's Menagerie, swings, roundabouts, and all the fun of the fair. In the background is the entrance to the hospital. Charles Green is well known as an illustrator of the works of Charles Dickens, and there are examples of his paintings in the Victoria and Albert.

On right: THE ENTHUSIAST

by

THEODORE LANE

(1800-1828)

This picture of a gouty old angler indulging his hobby of fishing by his own fireside was engraved and became a popular reproduction. A similar picture, once in the Vernon Collection, is now in the Tate Gallery and was engraved in the *Art Journal* in 1850. Even now copies may occasionally be found in old inns and in cottages. Theodore Lane, the young painter of the original picture, came to an untimely end when he fell through a skylight and was killed when only twenty-eight years old.

BRITISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES

HATCHETT'S COFFEE HOUSE AND HOTEL, PICCADILLY, by JAMES POLLARD (1797-1867)

This busy Georgian scene in Piccadilly shows distance coaches arriving from such places as Stroudwater and Bath. In the left background, the omnibus which plied between Brentford and the Bank of England has stopped ; while, in the left foreground, a bridal couple approach their cabriolet. James Pollard was an industrious recorder of the road traffic of his day, and interest in his work is still undiminished. Many of his paintings were reproduced in aquatints and he achieved widespread fame through his pictures of sporting and coaching scenes.

EDWARDIAN COACHING SCENE by HARRY PAYNE

The colourful Meet of the Coaching Club in Hyde Park was an annual event, which brought out the ladies and gentlemen of fashion to watch or to drive their four-in-hands in the Meet. Harry Payne's picture is of particular interest because of the familiar setting. In the left centre, a mounted policeman is seen keeping the sight-seers (many of whom were mounted) from the course. The picture has added interest as a fashion plate.

A FOUR-IN-HAND ON A COUNTRY ROAD (1803-1877) by C. COOPER HENDERSON

COACHING ON ROAD AND COAST

BRITISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES

C. Cooper Henderson's lively picture shows a party of sportsmen driving to a meet On top of the four-in-hand two hounds may be seen, while following along the road, on the right of the picture, are the huntsmen. The milestone in the right-hand corner has been used by the artist for his signature and the date, 1823

On left:

COACHING SCENE ON THE COAST by J. HARWEY

The picture of a coach moving at a spanking pace along the sands is a less usual aspect of the sport. It was painted as recently as 1914

The Holly-Tree

by Charles Dickens

Illustrated by F. Middlehurst, A.R.E., A.R.C.A.

IN his long-short story *The Holly-Tree*, from which we are here giving extracts, Dickens presents the situation of a man snowed-up for seven days over Christmas, the only traveller at the isolated Holly-Tree Inn, on the Yorkshire moors. All reading matter exhausted on the first day; himself too shy and diffident to propose joining the family party in the kitchen; how is he to while away the time: given, moreover, that he is suffering from a broken heart and the determination to keep out of his mind the bitter fact that it is to his best friend, Edwin, that his love's—his Angela's—affections have strayed?

Dickens's traveller, after an hour profitably spent in wondering what to do next, embarks on the pass-time of calling to mind all the inns and stories of inns he can remember, beginning with those first ghoulish impressions absorbed at his nurse's knee.

These include: "A dismal narrative of a landlord by the roadside whose visitors unaccountably disappeared"—through a sliding panel at the head of the bed, to make mincemeat in the cellars; the landlord being eventually betrayed by his habit of muttering "Too much pepper" as he went to sleep! This, together with "another authentic anecdote within her own [the nurse's] experience" of an inn where the parrot screamed, "Blood! Blood! Wipe up the blood!" while the guests were at supper; and a sagacious Newfoundland dog unearthed a pair of blood-steeped sheets under the straw in a corner of the guest's intended bed-chamber!

"By this time," the Traveller recounts, "I had made myself quite uncomfortable. I stirred the fire.

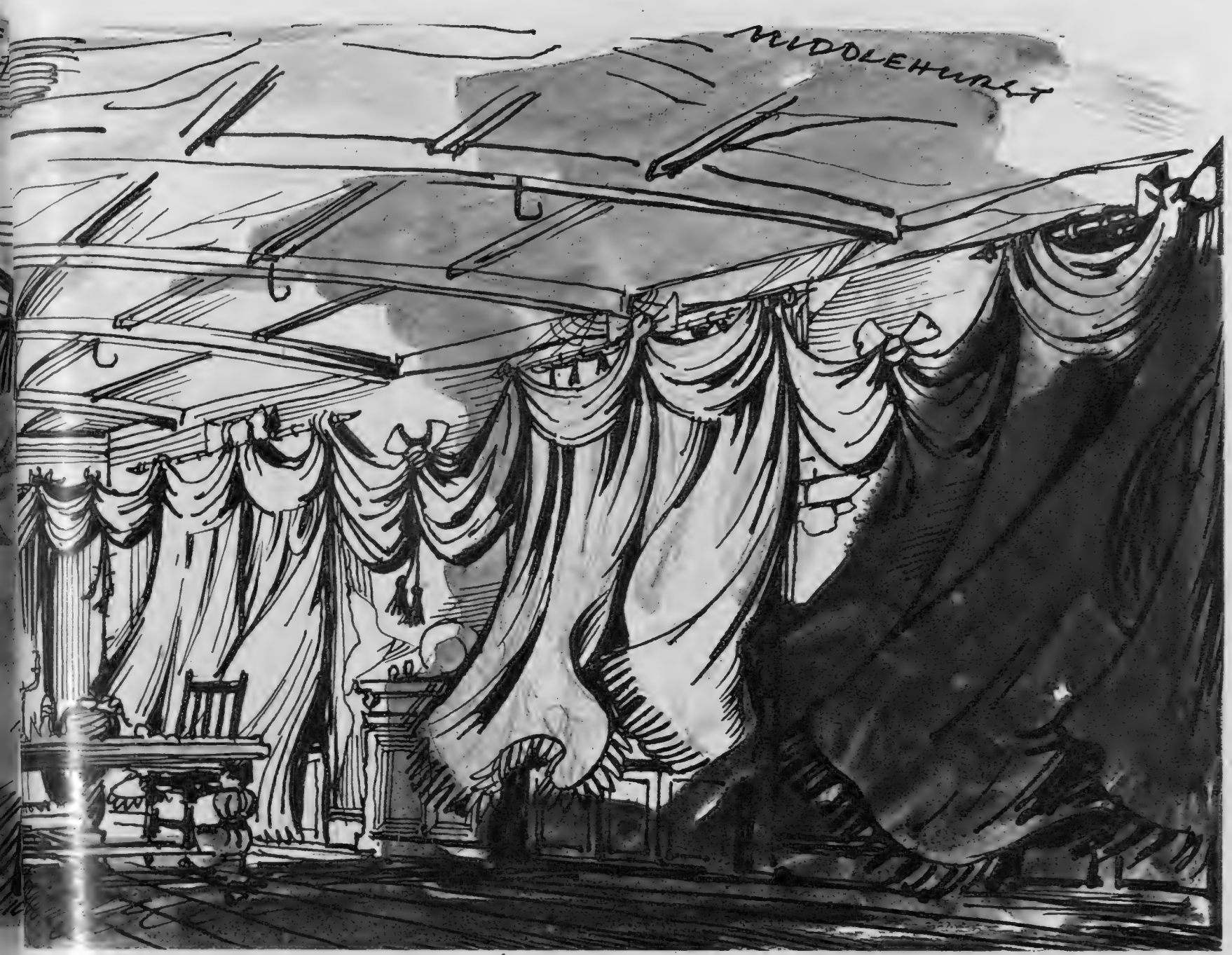
"There was an Inn in a cathedral town where I went to school which had pleasanter recollections. I took it next. It was the Inn where friends used to put up, and where we used to go to see parents, and to have salmon, and fowls, and be tipped. It had an ecclesiastical sign—the Mitre, and a bar that seemed to be the next best thing to a bishopric, it was so snug. . . .

"That was a good Inn down in Wiltshire where I put up once, in the days of the hard Wiltshire ale, and before all beer was bitterness. It was on the skirts of Salisbury Plain, and the midnight wind that rattled my lattice window came moaning at me from Stonehenge. There was a hanger-on at that establishment (a supernaturally preserved Druid I believe him to have been, and to be still), with long white hair, and a flinty blue eye always looking afar off: who claimed to have seen a bustard. (I suspect him to have been familiar with the dodo.) This weird man, at that stage of metempsychosis, may have been a sleep-walker or an enthusiast or a robber: but I awoke one night to find him in the dark, at my bedside, repeating the Athanasian Creed in a terrific voice. I paid my bill next day, and retired from the county with all possible precipitation.

"I awoke one night to find him in the dark, at my bedside, repeating the Athanasian Creed in a terrific voice"

"That was a good Inn, too, with the kind, cheerful landlady and the honest landlord, where I lived in the shadow of Mont Blanc. I made several American friends at that Inn, who all called Mont Blanc 'Mount Blank,'—except one good-humoured gentleman of a very sociable nature, who became on such intimate terms with it that he spoke of it familiarly as 'Blank,' observing, at breakfast, 'Blank looks pretty tall this morning.'

"Once I passed a fortnight at an Inn in the North of England, where I was haunted by the ghost of a tremendous pie. It was a Yorkshire pie, like a fort—an abandoned fort with nothing in it; but the waiter had a fixed idea that it was a point of ceremony at every meal to put the pie on the table. After some days I tried to hint in several delicate ways that I considered the pie done with; as, for example, by emptying fag-ends of glasses of wine into it; putting cheese-plates and spoons into it, as into a basket; putting wine-bottles into it, as into a cooler; but always in vain, the pie being invariably cleaned out again and brought up as before. At last, beginning to be doubtful whether I was not the victim of a spectral illusion, and whether my health and spirits might not sink under the horrors of an imaginary pie, I cut a triangle out of it, fully as large as the musical instrument of that name in a powerful orchestra. Human prevision could not have foreseen the result—but the waiter mended the pie. With some effectual species of cement, he adroitly fitted the triangle in again, and I paid my reckoning and fled.



The room in the Holly-Tree Inn, where the narrator spent his Christmas in recalling strange stories of other inns he had known

"The Holly-Tree was getting rather dismal. I made up the fire, and took another look.

"It was in the remotest part of Cornwall. A great annual Miners' Feast was being holden at the Inn, when I and my travelling companions presented ourselves at night among the wild crowd that were dancing before it by torchlight. We had had a breakdown in the dark, some miles away; and I had the honour of leading one of the unharnessed post-horses into the heart of a country dance of a hundred and fifty couples!... This Cornish Inn was full, and twenty times full, and nobody could be received but the post-horse. While my fellow-travellers and I were discussing how to pass the night, an honest man stepped forth from the crowd and proposed his unlet floor of two rooms, with supper of eggs and bacon, ale and punch. We joyfully accompanied him home, where we were well entertained. But the novel feature of the entertainment was that our host was a chair-maker, and that the chairs assigned to us were mere frames, altogether without bottoms of any sort; so that when we unbent at supper, and any one of us gave way to laughter, he forgot the peculiarity of his position and instantly disappeared. I myself, doubled up into an attitude from which self-extrication was impossible, was taken out of my frame, like a clown in a comic pantomime who has tumbled into a tub, five times by the taper's light during the eggs and bacon.

"So Boots goes upstairs and he finds Master Harry, on a e-normous sofa, a-drying the eyes of Miss Norah with his pocket hankecher"

"The Holly-Tree was fast reviving within me a sense of loneliness. I began to feel conscious that my subject would never carry on until I was dug out. I might be a week here—weeks!

"The last reminiscence had brought the Welsh Inns before me, with the women in their round hats, and the harpers with their long white beards (venerable, but humbugs, I am afraid) playing outside the door while I took my dinner; and the Highland Inns, with the oatmeal bannocks, the honey, the venison steaks, the trout from the loch, the whisky and the Athol brose.... Having thought of the loch trout, I was taken by quick association to the Anglers' Inns of England, to the pleasant

(*Continued on page* 44)

A PART OF MY STOCK-IN-TRADE

How many objects can you discover in this picture? The artist, Charles Spencelayh, has put more than 200 "parts of his stock-in-trade" into it, most of which have appeared in the pictures he has exhibited at the Royal Academy during the past fifty-seven years. "Part of My Stock-in-Trade" took three months to paint. Students of Mr. Spencelayh's work will recognise many of the "models" he paints with such loving detail; one remarked to him that if he sold the picture, he would have to retire! In addition to the homely Victorian bric-à-brac, more topical items may be discerned, such as a copy of a daily paper, a Tate and Lyle sugar packet, a familiar yellow packet of "Gold Flake" cigarettes and an ominous envelope, stamped On His Majesty's Service. We recommend the picture for post-prandial study, and for a variety of memory games this Christmas

Anthony Trollope and the Country Life

by John Gore

Illustrations by T.R.Freeman

ANTHONY TROLLOPE created a new county in England and peopled it with mid-Victorian characters in every walk of life, depicting them at work and at play, in country town and village, in winter and summer. There is hardly a feature of the country life of that day on which he did not touch, with felicity, sympathy and superficial knowledge; and from Duke to dustman he "ordered their estate" in his own orderly way, leaving behind an indelible impression that the creator of Barsetshire at least foresaw no change in that immutable order of classes and institutions—nor, indeed, any reason for change. It is natural to assume that a man who could thus create and people a fictional English county as real to himself and to many of his readers as Sussex or Yorkshire, would be full of the lore of the countryman, an observer and recorder of natural beauty, a field naturalist of merit. One would expect him to combine some of the qualities of Hudson, of Thomas Hardy, of Richard Jefferies, of Whyte Melville, of Masefield.

Some of Trollope's very unhappy boyhood was passed in the country, even on a farm. Most days of his life when a boy at Harrow he walked six or seven miles along country lanes, and at least during harvest he did some small share of the work of the farm.

In one or two of his novels (such as *The Belton Estate*), he showed that he had a general idea of a farmer's work and problems and was not likely to be caught out in howlers, and in many more he distinguished himself in accounts of hunting runs and episodes which showed that he did indeed know a good deal about how a M.F.H. and the hunt servants pursue their technique and calling.

An extract from *Phineas Redux* (Chapter 7) embodies his experience of hunting with many packs used for a catalogue of the contradictory qualities required in a M.F.H.:

"It is essential that a master of hounds should be somewhat feared by the men who ride with him. There should be much awe mixed with the love felt for him. He should be a man with whom other men will not care to argue; an irrational, cut-and-thrust, unscrupulous, but yet distinctly honest man; one who can be tyrannical, but will tyrannise only over the evil spirits; a man capable of intense cruelty to those alongside of him, but who will know whether his victim does in truth deserve scalping before he draws his knife. He should be savage and yet good-humoured; severe and yet forbearing; truculent and pleasant in the same moment. He should exercise unflinching authority, but should do so with the consciousness that he can support it only by his own popularity. His speech should be short, incisive, always to the point, but never founded on argument. His rules are based on no reason, and will never bear discussion. He must be the most candid of men, also the most close; and yet never a hypocrite. He must condescend to no explanation, and yet must impress men with an assurance that his decisions will certainly be right. He must rule all as though no man's special welfare were of any account, and yet must administer all so as to offend none. Friends he must have, but not favourites. He must be self-sacrificing, diligent, eager, and watchful. He must be strong in health, strong in heart, strong in

"I went almost everywhere on horseback. . . . I had an Irish groom with me, and in this manner I saw almost every house . . . in this large district." (From Trollope's Autobiography.)

"The same lanes four times a day, in wet and dry, in heat and summer . . ." (Trollope at the age of fifteen, when he was at Harrow School—from his Autobiography.)

"The letters had been brought into the breakfast-parlour at Plumstead Rectory one morning . . ." (From "The Last Chronicle of Barset.")

purpose, and strong in purse. He must be economical and yet lavish; generous as the wind and yet obdurate as the frost. He should be assured that of all human pursuits hunting is the best, and that of all living things a fox is the most valuable. He must so train his heart as to feel for the fox a mingled tenderness and cruelty which is inexplicable to ordinary men and women. His desire to preserve the brute and then to kill him should be equally intense and passionate. And he should do it all in accordance with a code of unwritten laws, which cannot be learnt without profound study."

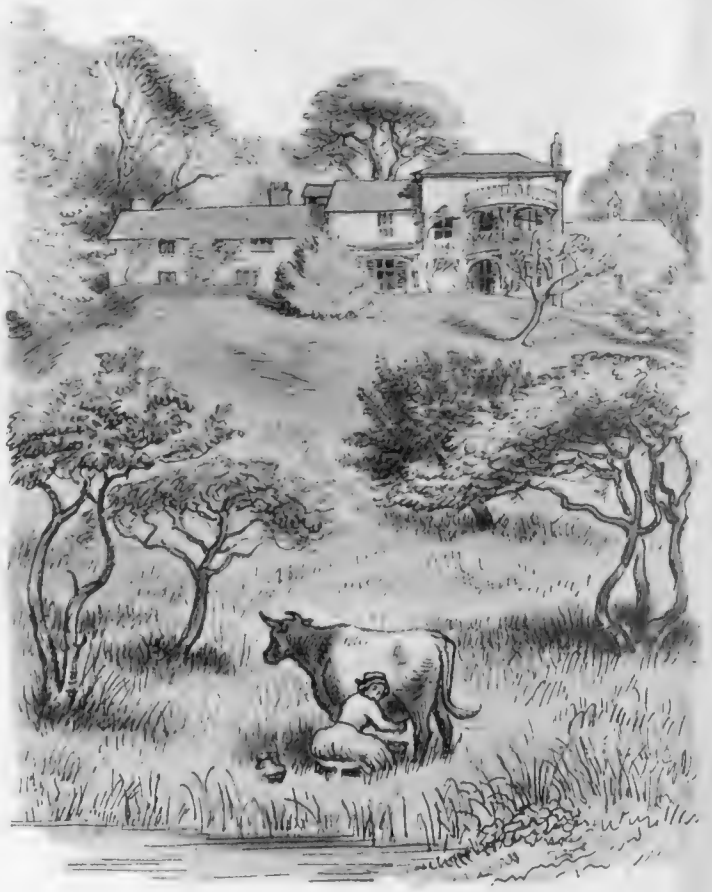
"Norman was so expert a Thames waterman, and Charley was nearly his equal." (From "The Three Clerks.")

Yet even with hunting, a love of his life, Trollope himself could never describe why he cared to follow hounds. We know only that that devotion had its origin in Ireland when, for the first time in his life, Trollope could mingle with his kind on more or less equal terms and taste at last the joys of "living like a gentleman."

Of birds or flowers or trees, he gives no hint that he knew more than the superficial and the commonplace. He tells us that he never took a bird's nest in boyhood and we are left to conclude that he seldom looked for one. When he bought a country house he knew the names of the fruit and vegetables his gardener could grow and he enjoyed eating his own produce. In his Post Office surveys across Ireland and Southern England he would ride his forty miles a day but not, obviously, with the mind and eye of a naturalist or lover of beauty—rather with a mind preoccupied with P.O. business and novel plots. As he opens his novels, he constantly describes the scenery and the setting, clearly and accurately. But always it is the description of a man reading from a map, and the language is the conventional language of that "Murray's Guide to Ireland" which Murray rejected. There is seldom a hint of the poet or lover of natural beauty, moved to high flights by the loveliness of the scene. The sights and scents of the English country at summer's dawn or in the darkling November evenings as he rode home from hunting never seem to have moved him or jolted him out of the rut of the relevant and the commonplace. Barsetshire was very much an English county and very much a creation of Trollope's imagination, but all nature in Barset or outside it was with Trollope but a setting for his comedies of manners, no more than a conventional drop scene before which his characters sustained their roles in high and low life and worked out their creator's plans and plots.

An extract from *Orley Farm* (Chapter III) provides the best effort I have come across in the realms of poetry:

"But it was for the beauty and wildness of its grounds that The Cleeve was remarkable. The land fell here and there into narrow,



The Frontispiece to "Orley Farm," after the original illustration by Millais.

Christmas at Noningsby: "... *the stern magistrate of the bench was led round with the due incantation of the spirits and dismissed into chaos to seek for a new victim.*" (From "Orley Farm.")

wild ravines and woody crevices. The soil of the park was not rich, and could give but little assistance to the chemists in supplying the plentiful food expected by Mr. Mason for the coming multitudes of the world; it produced in some parts heather instead of grass, and was as wild and unprofitable as Cleeve Common, which stretched for miles outside the park palings; but it seemed admirably adapted for deer and for the maintenance of half-decayed venerable oaks. Young timber also throve well about the place, and in this respect Sir Peregrine was a careful landlord. There ran a river through the park. . . . There was a spot in the river from whence a steep path led down from the park to the water, and at this spot the deer would come to drink. I know nothing more beautiful than this sight, when three or four of them could be seen from one of the wooden bridges towards the hour of sunset in the autumn."

Trollope was not an imaginative man. It is fair to say that he distrusted imagination, though he was capable of producing pathos which affects his readers. It is fair criticism, too, that his work was "mechanical and devoid of all poetical and spiritual qualities, but within its own limits was not only strong but wonderful." For his fidelity to fact—his realism—is unique. And that distrust of the imaginative—if he possessed any share of it—that absence of the poetic and the spiritual in his descriptions, is the very proof and essence of his integrity as a realist.

It is not his fault—in the sense that it is not due to any pretension of his—that he is superficially reckoned as a man learned in the lore of the country, of its sports and activities, an authority on country life.

That reputation comes inevitably to a man who has written three dozen famous novels of country life containing many lively descriptions of hunting runs, to an author who has created a corner of old England so realistic, so faithful, that literary men born long after his death have thought the time well spent in mapping it accurately with compass and ruler.

"I do not know anything more pleasant to the eye than a pretty country church, decorated for Christmas-day." (From "Orley Farm.")

" It was full summer at Belton, and the sweet scent of the new hay filled the porch of the old house with fragrance." (From " The Belton Estate.")

But in truth his creation is but guide-book country and inhabited only by men and women. His hunting scenes indeed are lively enough and well-informed. As a follower of hounds, anxious always to do the right thing, he had learned all that a follower of hounds ought to know to keep in the Master's good books, how not to interfere with hounds and huntsman, how to put himself in the best place to get off the mark and to keep well up in the hunt.

But even with hunting, his descriptions are not as lively as Lever's or Surtees' or Whyte Melville's, and one has only to consider how Masefield would have treated the long hack home with Lord Chiltern and his guests, or the drives to the meet in the misty mornings, to agree how little claim Trollope can offer to be regarded as a descriptive painter of hunting scenes.

He does not appear to have shot. He correctly furnishes his landowners with keepers—from the Duke to the Archdeacon ; he knew when partridges came to be shot and when covert shooting should be referred to, and he knew what were the keepers' duties as regards earths in a hunting country. And it is fair to add that he gives some faithful accounts of grouse shooting and the Highland shooting lodge.

An extract from *The Duke's Children* (Chapter 12) depicts the Duke's two sons joining Mr. Dobbes' syndicate shoot at Crummie-Toddie :

" There was a Spartan simplicity about Crummie-Toddie which pleased the Spartan mind of Reginald Dobbes.

' Ugly, do you call it ? '

' Infernally ugly,' said Lord Gerald.

' What did you expect to find ? A big hotel, and a lot of Cockneys ? If you come after grouse, you must come to what the grouse think pretty . . .'

" Whereupon Reginald Dobbes turned upon his heel and walked away.

' Can you shoot ? ' he said afterwards to Lord Gerald.

' I can fire off a gun, if you mean that,' said Gerald.

' You never have shot much ? '

' Not what you call very much. I 'm not so old as you are, you know. Everything must have a beginning . . .'

" On the next morning they started at seven. Dobbes had determined to be cross, because, as he thought, the young men would certainly keep him waiting ; and was cross because by their punctuality they robbed him of any just cause for offence. During the morning on the moor they

(*Concluded on page 49*)

" You have shot forty-two. That 's uncommonly good sport." (From " The Duke's Children.")

The two Miss Tristrams at the meet at Monkton Grange—After Millais' illustration in " Orley Farm."

'Bond Street' . . . provocative as the skilful play of a fronded fan . . . as full of beguilement as your eyes can be when you choose. Yardley Perfume enshrines the many-mooded Eve in you! *Yardley, 33 Old Bond Street, London W1*

'BOND STREET'
BY
YARDLEY

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THE BAILIFF MAN by FREDERICK W. ELWELL, R.A.
From the painting exhibited in this year's Royal Academy.

"THE ANGELS' MUSIC" (*continued from page* 21)

Much discussion—doubt—cross-questioning. The whole lot seemed to be nearly as stupid as owls. At last, so far as could be gathered, none of them had noticed Nettie since they began "Puss-in-the-corner."

"Jane Bright, I told you to take Nettie to play with the rest, and to find her a corner. What did you do with her?"

Jane Bright commenced her answer by essaying to take a sly bite at her pie. Miss Timmens stopped her midway, and turned her from the table to face the company.

"Do you hear me? Now don't stand staring like a gaby! Just answer."

Like a "gaby" did Jane Bright stand: mouth wide open, eyes round, countenance bewildered.

"Please, governess, I didn't do nothing with her."

"You must have done something with her: you held her hand."

"I didn't do nothing," repeated the girl, shaking her head stolidly.

"Now, that won't do, Jane Bright. Where did you leave her?"

"'Twas in the corner," answered Jane Bright, apparently making desperate efforts of memory. "When I was Puss, and runned across and came back again, I didn't see her there."

"Surely, the child has not stolen out by herself and run off home?" cried Mrs. Coney; and the schoolmistress took up the suggestion.

"It is the very thought that has been in my mind the last minute or two," avowed she. "Yes, Mrs. Coney, that's it, depend upon it. She has decamped through the snow and gone back to her mother's."

"Then she has gone without her things," interposed Maria Lease, who was entering the room with a little black cloak and bonnet in her hand. "Are not these Nettie's things, children?" And a dozen voices all speaking together hastened to say Yes, they were Nettie's.

"Then she must be in the house," decided Miss Timmens. "She wouldn't be silly enough to go out this cold night with her neck and arms bare. The child has her share of sense. She has run away to hide herself, and may have dropped asleep."

"It must be in the chimbleys, then," cried free Molly from the back of the room. "We've looked everywhere else."

"You had better look again," said the Squire. "Take plenty of light—two or three candles."

Going to the kitchen for a candle, I went upstairs, taking the garret first, with its boxes and lumber, and then the rooms. And nowhere could I find the least trace or sign of Nettie.

Stepping into the kitchen to leave the candle, there stood Luke Mackintosh, whiter than death; his hands trembling, his hair on end. Tod stood in front of him suppressing his laughter. Mackintosh had just burst in at the back door in a desperate state of fright, declaring he had seen a ghost.

"All in white, it was. Why, Mr. Johnny, I never saw a sight plainer in all my born days. A great, white, awesome apparition it were, that went rushing past me with a wailing sound. I hope you won't ever have the ill-luck to see such a thing yourself, sir."

The servants here came in from their fruitless search of the dairy and cellars, and started to see the state of Mackintosh.

"Give him a cup of warm ale, Molly," was Tod's command. And we left them gathered round the man, listening to his tale with open mouths.

From the fact that Nettie Trewin was certainly not in the house, one only deduction could be drawn—that the timid child had run home to her mother. Bare-headed, bare-necked, bare-armed, she had gone through the snow; and, as Miss Timmens expressed it, might just have caught her death.

"Senseless little idiot!" exclaimed Miss Timmens in a passion. "Sarah Trewin is sure to blame me; she'll say I might have taken better care of her."

But one of the elder girls, named Emma Stone, whose recollection only appeared to come to her when digesting her supper, spoke up at this juncture, and declared that long after "Puss-in-the-corner" was over, and also "Oranges and Lemons," which had succeeded it, she had seen and

(*Concluded on page* 42)

McVITIE & PRICE'S ORIGIN OF

Grand Old Christmas Customs

The Christmas Stocking

Once upon a time there was a rich bishop, called St. Nicholas, who loved to do good by stealth. One night he came upon the quaint old house of three needy spinsters. Wishing to help—yet remain unknown—he tossed gold pieces down the chimney. Hanging by the fire were the spinsters' stockings. The glittering gold fell right into them—and that is why we now hang up Christmas stockings, for gifts from St. Nicholas, the original name of Santa Claus.

Mistletoe

—"*white-robed maidens, priests—and a Nordic goddess*" The Nordic legends place mistletoe under the protection of Freya, the goddess of love. But Britain's own history relates that, as part of the rites at the new solar year, Druid priests cut sacred mistletoe from oak trees and handed it to white-robed maidens beneath. With the passing of years, maidens under the mistletoe acquired the associations, and afforded the opportunities we now enjoy.

Why Turkey?

Roast turkey, as we know it, has not always been the main Yuletide dish. Five hundred years ago the Lord of the Manor dined off roast peacock on Christmas day, and lesser folk ate guinea fowl—then known as "turkey" because it originated in Turkey. The name has persisted though the bird has changed. As a result, roast turkey is our traditional Christmas dish today.

. . . but among the most welcome customs of all is the enjoying of finest quality biscuits made by McVitie & Price

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"THE ANGELS' MUSIC"

(*Continued from page* 40)

spoken to Nettie Trewin. Her account was, that in crossing the passage leading from the storeroom, she saw Nettie "scrouged against the wall, half-way down the passage, like anybody afeared of being seen."

"Did you speak to her, Emma Stone?" asked Miss Timmens, after listening to these concluding words.

"Yes, governess. I asked her why she was not at play, and why she was hiding there."

"Well, what did she say?"

"Not anything," replied Emma Stone. "She turned her head away as if she didn't want to be talked to."

Miss Timmens took a long, keen look at Emma Stone. This young lady, it appeared, was rather in the habit of romancing; and the governess thought she might be doing it then.

"I vow to goodness I saw her," interrupted the girl, before Miss Timmens had got out more than half a doubt: and her tone was truthful enough. "I'm not telling no story, 'm. I thought Nettie was crying."

"Well, it is a strange thing you should have forgotten it until this moment, Emma Stone."

"Please, 'm, it were through the pies," pleaded Emma.

It was time to depart. Bonnets and shawls were put on, and the whole of them filed out, accompanied by Miss Timmens, Mrs. Hill, and Maria Lease: good old motherly Dame Coney saying she hoped they would find the child safe in bed between the blankets, and that her mother would have given her some hot drink.

Our turn for supper came now. We took it partly standing, just the fare that the others had had, with bread-and-cheese added for the Squire and old Coney. After that, we all gathered round the fire in the dining room, when, in the midst of one of old Coney's stories, we turned round at the sudden opening of the door, and saw Miss Timmens amongst us. A prevision of evil seemed to seize Mrs. Todhetley, and she rose up.

"The child! Is she not at home?"

"No, ma'am; neither has she been there," answered Miss Timmens, ignoring ceremony (as people are apt to do at seasons of anxiety or commotion) and sitting down uninvited. "I came back to tell you so, and to ask what you thought had better be done."

"The child must have started for home and lost her way in the snow," cried the Squire, putting down his pipe in consternation. "What does the mother think?"

"I did not tell her of it," said Miss Timmens. "I went on by myself to her house; and the first thing I saw there, on opening the door, was a little pair of slippers warming on the fender. 'Oh, have you brought Nettie?' began the mother, before I could speak: 'I've got her shoes warm for her. Is she very, very cold?—and has she enjoyed herself and been good?' Well, sir, seeing how it was—that the child had not got home—I answered lightly: 'Oh, the children are not here yet; my sister and Maria Lease are with them. I've just stepped in to see how your bruises are getting on.' For that poor Sarah Trewin is good for so little that one does not care to alarm her," concluded Miss Timmens, as if she would apologise for her deceit.

The Squire nodded approval, and told me to give Miss Timmens something hot to drink.

What was to be done?

"Had harm come to her in running home, had she fallen into the snow, for instance, or anything of that sort, we should have seen or heard her," observed Miss Timmens. "She would be sure to take the direct path—the way we came here and returned."

"It might be easy enough for the child to lose her way—the roads and fields are like a wide white plain," observed Mrs. Coney. "She might have strayed aside amongst the trees in the triangle."

"Look here," said old Coney, suddenly speaking up. "Let us search all these places, and any others that she could have strayed to, right or left, on her road home."

He rose up, and we rose with him. It was the best thing that could be done: and no end of a relief, besides, to pitch upon something to do. The Squire ordered Mackintosh (who had not recovered himself yet) to bring a lantern, and we all put on our greatcoats and went forth, leaving the mater and Mrs. Coney to keep the fire warm. A black party we looked, in the white snow, Miss Timmens making one of us.

"I can't rest," she whispered to me. "If the child has been lying on the snow all this while, we shall find her dead."

It was a still, cold, lovely night; the moon high in the sky, the snow lying white and pure beneath her beams. The grove was examined first. And now we saw the use of the lantern ordered by the Squire, at which order we had secretly laughed: for it served to light up the darker parts where the trunks of the trees grew thick. But it did not appear to contain Nettie.

Bounding here, trudging there, calling her name softly, shouting loudly, we continued our search after Nettie Trewin. It was past twelve when we got back home and met Mrs. Todhetley and Mrs. Coney at the door, both standing there in their uneasiness, enveloped in woollen shawls.

"No. No success. Can't find her anywhere."

Down sank the Squire on one of the hall-chairs as he spoke, as though he could not hold himself up a minute longer, but was dead beat with tramping and disappointment. We stood round the dining-room fire, looking at one another like so many helpless mummies.

"Well," said the pater, "the first thing is to have a drop of something hot. I am half-frozen. What time's that?"—as the clock over the mantelpiece chimed one stroke. "Half-past twelve."

"And she's dead by this time," gasped Miss Timmens, in a faint voice, its sharpness gone clean out of it. "I'm thinking of the poor widowed mother."

Mrs. Coney (often an invalid) said she could do no good by staying longer, and wanted to be in bed. Old Coney said *he* was not going in yet; so Tom took her over. It might have been ten minutes after this that I saw Tom Coney put his head in at the parlour door, and beckoned Tod out. I went also.

"Look here," said Coney to us. "After I left mother indoors, I thought I'd search a bit about the back-ground here: and I fancy I can see the marks of a child's footsteps in the snow."

"No!" cried Tod, rushing out at the back door and crossing the premises to the field.

Yes, it was so. Just for a little way along the path leading to Crabb Ravine the snow was much trodden and scattered by the footsteps of a man, both to and fro. Presently some little footsteps, evidently of a child, seemed to diverge from this path and go onwards in rather a slanting direction through the deeper snow, as if their owner had lost the direct way. When we had tracked these steps half-way across the field, Tod brought himself to a halt.

"I'm sure they are Nettie's," he said. "They look like hers. Whose else should they be? She may have fallen down the Ravine. One of you had better go back and bring a blanket—and tell them to get hot water ready."

Eager to be of use, Tom Coney and I ran back together. Tod continued his tracking. Presently the little steps diverged towards the path, as if they had suddenly discovered their wanderings from it; and then they seemed to be lost in those other and larger footsteps which had kept steadily to the path.

"I wonder," thought Tod, halting as he lost the clue, "whether Mackintosh's big ghost could have been this poor little white-robed child? What an idiotic coward the fellow is! These are his footmarks. A slashing pace he must have travelled at, to fling the snow up in this manner!"

But now, in another minute, there were traces again. The little feet seemed to have turned aside at a tangent, and once more sought the deep snow. From that point he did not again lose them; they carried him to the low and narrow dell (not much better than a ditch) which just there skirted the hedge bordering the Ravine.

At first Tod could see nothing. Nothing but the drifted snow. But—looking closely—what was that, almost at his feet? Was it only a dent in the snow? Or was anything lying on it? Tod knelt down on the deep soft white carpet (sinking nearly up to his waist) and peered and felt.

There she was: Nettie Trewin! With her flaxen curls fallen about her head and mingling with the snow, and her little arms and neck exposed, and her pretty white frock all wet, she lay there in the deep hole. Tod, his breast heaving with all manner of emotion, gathered her into his arms, as gently as an infant is hushed to rest by its mother. The white face had no life in it; the heart seemed to have stopped beating.

"Wake up, you poor little mite!" he cried, pressing her against his warm side. "Wake up, little one! Wake up, little frozen snow-bird!"

But there came no response. The child lay still and white in his arms.

"Hope she's not frozen to death!" he murmured, a queer sensation taking him. "Nettie, don't you hear me? My goodness, what's to be done?"

He set off across the field with the child, meeting me almost directly. I ran straight up to him.

"Get out, Johnny Ludlow!" he cried roughly, in his haste and fear. "Don't stop me! Oh, a blanket, is it? That's good. Fold it round her, lad."

"Is she dead?"

"I'll be shot if I know."

He went along swiftly, holding her to him in the blanket. And a fine commotion they all made when he got her indoors.

The silly little thing, unable to get over her shyness, had taken the opportunity, when the back door was open, to steal out of it, with the view of running home to her mother. Confused, perhaps, by the bare white plain; or it may be by her own timidity; or probably confounding the back door and its approaches with the front, by which she had entered, she went straight across the field, unconscious that this was taking her in just the opposite direction to her home. It was she whom Luke Mackintosh had met—the great idiot!—and he frightened her with his rough appearance and the bellow of fear he gave, just as much as she had frightened him. Onwards she went, blindly terrified, was stopped by the hedge, fell into the ditch, and lay buried in the snow. Whether she could be brought back to life, or whether death had really taken her, was a momentous question.

I went off for Dr. Cole, flying all the way. He sent me back again, saying he'd be there as soon as I—and that Nettie Trewin must be a born simpleton.

"Master Johnny!—Mr. Ludlow!—Is it you?"

The words greeted me in a weak panting voice, just as I reached the corner by the store barn, and I recognised Mrs. Trewin. Alarmed at Nettie's prolonged stay, she had come out, all bruised as she was, and extorted the fact—that the child was missing. I told her that the child was found—and where.

We went in. Cole came rushing like a whirlwind. By-and-by they got some warmth into the child, lying so still on the bed; and she was saved.

"Were you cold, dear, in the snow?—were you frightened?" gently asked the mother, when Nettie could answer questions.

"I was very cold and frightened till I heard the angels' music, mother."

"The angels' music?"

"Yes. I knew they played it for me. After that, I felt happy and went to sleep. Oh, mother, there's nothing so sweet as angels' music."

The "music" had been that of the church bells, wafted over the Ravine by the rarefied air; the sweet bells of Timberdale, ringing in the New Year.

THE END.

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royds

"THE HOLLY-TREE"

(*Continued from page* 33)

white, clean, flower-pot-decorated bedrooms overlooking the river, and the ferry, and the green ait, and the church spire, and the country bridge. . . . Casting my eyes upon my Holly-Tree fire, I next discerned among the glowing coals the pictures of a score or more of those wonderful English posting-inns which we are all so sorry to have lost, which were so large and so comfortable, and which were such monuments of British submission to rapacity and extortion. . . . What could I next see in my fire so naturally as the new railway-house of these times near the dismal country station; with nothing particular on draught but cold air and damp, nothing worth mentioning in the larder but new mortar, and no business doing beyond a conceited affectation of luggage in the hall? . . . Then I came to the Inns of Paris, with the pretty apartment up 175 waxed stairs, the privilege of ringing the bell all day long without influencing anybody's mind or body but your own, and the not-too-much-for-dinner, considering the price. . . . Next, to the provincial Inns of France, with the great church tower rising above the courtyard, the horse-bells jingling merrily up and down the street beyond, and the clocks of all descriptions in all the rooms, which are never right, unless taken at the precise moment when, by getting exactly twelve hours too fast or too slow, they unintentionally become so. Away I went, next, to the lesser roadside Inns of Italy, where all the dirty clothes (not in wear) are always lying in your anteroom: where you get what you can, and forget what you can't. . . . So to the close little Inns of the Malaria districts, with their peculiar smell of never letting in the air. So to the immense, fantastic Inns of Venice, with the cry of the gondolier below, as he skims the corner; the grip of the watery odours on one particular little bit of the bridge of your nose (which is never released while you stay there); and the great bell of St. Mark's Cathedral tolling midnight. Next I put up for a minute at the restless Inns upon the Rhine, where your going to bed, no matter at what hour, appears to be the tocsin for everybody else's getting up. . . . After a draught of sparkling beer from a foaming glass jug and a glance of recognition through the windows of the student beer-houses of Heidelberg and elsewhere, I put out to sea for the Inns of America with their 400 beds apiece . . . and the entire planned and finished within twelve calendar months from the first clearing of the old encumbrances on the plot, at a cost of 500,000 dollars, Sir. . . .

A DRESDEN INTERLUDE, by LUCIEN LOWEN

I had been going on lately at a quick pace to keep my solitude out of my mind, but here I broke down for good, and gave up the subject. What was I to do? What was to become of me? A desperate idea came into my head. Could I so far overcome the inherent bashfulness which withheld me from the landlord's table and the company I might find there, as to call up the Boots, and ask him to take a chair—and something in a liquid form—and talk to me? I could. I would. I did.

. . . . . .

Where had he been in his time? he repeated, when I asked him the question. Lord, he has been everywhere! And what had he been? Bless you, he had been everything you could mention a'most!

Seen a good deal? Why, of course he had. What was the curiousest thing he had seen? Well! He couldn't momently name what was the curiousest thing he had seen—unless, supposing a young gentleman not eight years old was to run away with a fine young woman of seven, might I think *that* a queer start? Certainly. Then that was a start as he himself had had his blessed eyes on, and he had cleaned the shoes they run away in—and they was so little he couldn't get his hands into 'em.

Master Harry Walmers' father, you see, he lived at the Elmses, down away by Shooter's Hill there, six or seven miles from Lunnon. . . . He was uncommon proud of Master Harry as was his only child: but he didn't spoil him neither. Consequently, though he made quite a companion of the fine bright boy, the child *was* a child, and it's to be wished more of 'em was!

How did Boots happen to know all this? Why, through being under-gardener. Of course, he couldn't be under-gardener and be always about, in the summertime, near the windows on the lawn, a-mowing, and sweeping, and weeding, and pruning, and this and that, without getting acquainted with the ways of the family. Even supposing Master Harry hadn't come to him one morning early, and said, "Cobbs, how should you spell Norah, if you was asked?" and then began cutting it in print all over the fence.

He couldn't say he had taken particular notice of children before that; but Boots could assure me it was better than a picter, and equal to a play, to see them babies, with their long, bright, curling hair, their sparkling eyes, and their beautiful light tread, a-rambling about the garden, deep in love. . . . Sometimes he would hear them planning about having a house in a forest, keeping bees and a cow, and living entirely on milk and honey. . . . On the whole, Boots said it had a tendency to make him feel as if he was in love himself—only he didn't know exactly who with.

"Cobbs," said Master Harry, one evening, when Cobbs was watering the flowers, "I am going on a visit, this present midsummer, to my grandmamma's at York."

"Are you, indeed, Sir? I hope you'll have a pleasant time. I am going into Yorkshire myself, when I leave here."

"Are you going to your grandmamma's, Cobbs?"

"No, Sir. I haven't got such a thing."

"Not as a grandmamma, Cobbs?"

"No, Sir!"

The boy looked on at the watering of the flowers for a little while, and then said, "I shall be very glad indeed to go, Cobbs—Norah's going. . . . Cobbs!"

"Sir!"

"What do you think my grandmamma gives me when I go down there?"

"I couldn't make so much as make a guess, Sir!"

"A Bank of England five-pound note, Cobbs."

"Whew!" says Cobbs, "that's a spanking sum of money, Master Harry."

"A person could do a good deal with such a sum of money as that—couldn't a person, Cobbs?"

"I believe you, Sir!"

"Cobbs," said the boy, "I'll tell you a secret. At Norah's house, they have been joking her about me, and pretending to laugh at our being engaged—pretending to make game of it, Cobbs!"

"Such, Sir," says Cobbs, "is the depravity of human natur' . . . ."

Well, Sir! Boots left the Elmses when his time was up. You see he was younger then, and he wanted change. That's what he wanted — change. And Master Harry, he went down to the old lady's at York, which old lady would have given that child the teeth out of her head (if she had had any), she was so wrapped up in him. What does that Infant do, but cut away from that old lady's with his Norah, on a expedition to go to Gretna Green and be married!

Sir, Boots was at this identical Holly-Tree when, one summer afternoon the coach drives up, and the young gentleman gets out; hands his lady out; gives the Guard something for himself; says to our Governor, "We're to stop here to-night, please. Sitting-room and two bedrooms will be required. Chops and cherry-pudding for two!" and tucks her, in her little sky-blue mantle, under his arm, and walks into the house much bolder than Brass.

Boots leaves me to judge what the amazement of that establishment was when he, who had seen them without their seeing him, give the Governor his views of the expedition they was upon. "Cobbs," says the Governor, "if this is so, I must set off to York, and quiet their friends' minds. In which case you must keep your eye upon 'em, and humour 'em, till I come back. But before I take these measures, Cobbs, I should wish you to find from themselves whether your opinion is correct."

So Boots goes upstairs and there he finds Master Harry, on a e-normous sofa, a-drying the eyes of Miss Norah with his pocket hankecher. Their little legs was entirely off the ground, of course, and it really is not possible for Boots to express to me how small them children looked.

"It's Cobbs! It's Cobbs!" cried Master Harry, and comes running to him, and catching hold of his hand. Miss Norah comes running to him on his t'other side and catching hold of his t'other hand, and they both jump for joy.

"I see you a-getting out, Sir," says Cobbs, "I thought it was you. I thought I couldn't be mistaken in your height and figure. What's the object of your journey, Sir?—Matrimonial?"

"We are going to be married, Cobbs, at Gretna Green," returned the boy. "We have run away on purpose. Norah has been in rather low spirits, Cobbs: but she'll be happy, now we have found you to be our friend."

(*Concluded on page* 46)

This England . . .

Corfe Castle, Dorset

THERE was a great American who wrote this of England: "There is only one England. Now that I have sampled the globe, I am not in doubt . . . That beauty which is England alone — it has no duplicate. It is made up of very simple details — just grass and trees, and roads and hedges . . . and churches and castles — and over it all a mellow dream haze of history." Thus Mark Twain. And he might rightly have added to his simple catalogue "and hop vines and barley and the brewing of Burton beers," for these last, if they be called Bass or Worthington, are as English as any ivy'd church or moated castle — and in their humble way, just as historic.

ISSUED BY BASS AND WORTHINGTON, BURTON-UPON-TRENT, ENGLAND

"THE HOLLY-TREE"

(*Continued from page* 44)

"Thank you, Sir, and thank *you*, Miss," says Cobbs, "for your good opinion. *Did* you bring any luggage with you, Sir?"

If I will believe Boots when he gives me his word and honour upon it, the lady had got a parasol, a smelling-bottle, a round and a half of cold-buttered toast, eight peppermint drops, and a hair-brush—seemingly a doll's. The gentleman had got about half-a-dozen yards of string, a knife, three or four sheets of writing-paper folded up surprising small, a orange, and a Chaney mug with his name upon it.

"What may be the exact natur' of your plans, Sir?" said Cobbs.

"To go on," replied the boy, "in the morning, and be married to-morrow."

"Just so, Sir!" says Cobbs. "Would it meet your views, Sir, if I was to accompany you?"

When Cobbs said this, they both jumped for joy again and cried out: "Oh, yes, yes, Cobbs! Yes!"

"Well, Sir," says Cobbs. "I'm acquainted with a pony, Sir, which, put in a pheayton that I could borrow, would take you and Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior (myself driving, if you approved) to the end of your journey in a very short space of time. I am not altogether sure, Sir, that this pony will be at liberty to-morrow, but even if you had to wait over to-morrow for him, it might be worth your while. As to the small account here, Sir, in case you was to find yourself running at all short, that don't signify; because I'm a part proprietor of this inn, and it could stand over."

Boots assures me that when they clapped their hands and jumped for joy again, and called him "Good Cobbs!" and "Dear Cobbs!" and bent across him to kiss one another in the delight of their confiding hearts, he felt himself the meanest rascal for deceiving 'em that was ever born.

"Is there anything you want just at present, Sir?" says Cobbs.

"We should like some cakes after dinner," answered Master Harry, "and two apples—and jam. With dinner we should like to have toast-and-water. But Norah has always been accustomed to half a glass of currant wine at dessert. And so have I."

"It shall be ordered at the bar, Sir!" says Cobbs; and away he went.

Boots has the feeling as fresh upon him at this minute of speaking as he had then that he wished with all his heart there was any impossible place where those two babies could make an impossible marriage, and live impossibly happy ever afterwards. However, as it couldn't be, he went into the Governor's plans, and the Governor set off for York in half-an-hour.

In the evening, Boots went into the room to see how the runaway couple was getting on. The gentleman was on the window-seat, supporting the lady in his arms.

"Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, fatigued, Sir?" says Cobbs.

"Yes, she is tired, Cobbs; but she is not used to be away from home, and she has been in low spirits again."

"What should you think, Sir," says Cobbs, "of a chamber candle-stick?"

The gentleman approved; the chambermaid went first, up the great staircase; the lady, in her sky-blue mantle, followed, gallantly escorted by the gentleman; the gentleman embraced her at her door, and retired to his own apartment, where Boots softly locked him up.

Boots couldn't but feel with increased acuteness what a base deceiver he was when they consulted him at breakfast about the pony. How-somever, he went on a-lying like a Trojan. He told 'em that it did so unfortunately happen that the pony was half-clipped, you see, and that he couldn't be taken out in that state, for fear it should strike to his inside. But that he'd be finished clipping in the course of the day, and that to-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, the pheayton would be ready. Boots's view of the whole case, looking back on it, is that Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, was beginning to give in. She hadn't had her hair curled when she went to bed, and she didn't seem quite up to brushing it herself, and its getting in her eyes put her out. But nothing put out Master Harry. He sat behind his breakfast-cup, a-tearing away at the currant-jelly as if he had been his own father.

In the course of the morning, Master Harry rang the bell and said, in a sprightly way, "Cobbs, is there any good walks in this neighbourhood?"

"Yes, Sir!" says Cobbs. "There's Love Lane. And a pleasant walk it is and proud shall I be to show it to yourself and Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior."

"Norah, dear!" said Master Harry, "this is curious. We really ought to see Love Lane. Put on your bonnet, my sweetest darling, and we will go there with Cobbs."

Boots leaves me to judge what a Beast he felt himself to be, when that young pair told him, as they all three jogged along together, that they had made up their minds to give him 2,000 guineas a year as head gardener, on accounts of his being so true a friend to 'em.

Well, Sir, he turned the conversation as well as he could, and he took 'em down Love Lane to the water meadows, and there they laid down on a bank of daisies, like the children in the wood, leastways meadows, and fell asleep.

Well, Sir, they woke up at last, and then one thing was getting pretty clear to Boots, namely that Mrs. Harry Walmerses Junior's temper was on the move. When Master Harry took her round the waist, she said he "teased her so": and when he says, "Norah, your Harry tease you?" she tells him, "Yes; and I want to go home!"

A biled fowl and a baked bread-and-butter pudding brought Mrs. Walmers up a little, and Master Harry he kept up, and his noble heart was as fond as ever. Mrs. Walmers turned very sleepy about dusk, and began to cry. Therefore, Mrs. Walmers went off to bed as per yesterday; and Master Harry ditto repeated.

About eleven or twelve at night comes back the Governor with Mr. Walmers and a elderly lady. Mr. Walmers looks amused and very serious, both at once, and says to our missis, "We are much indebted to you, ma'am, for your kind care of our little children." Then he says to Cobbs, "Ah, Cobbs, I am glad to see *you*! I understood you was here!" and Cobbs says, "Yes, Sir. Your most obedient, Sir."

Boots assures me that his heart beat like a hammer, going upstairs. "I beg your pardon, Sir," says he, while unlocking the door, "I hope you are not angry with Master Harry. For Master Harry is a fine boy, Sir, and will do you credit and honour."

But Mr. Walmers only says, "No, Cobbs. No, my good fellow. Thank you!" And the door being opened, goes in.

Boots goes in too, holding the light, and he sees Mr. Walmers go up to the bedside, bend gently down, and kiss the little sleeping face, and then he gently shakes the little shoulder.

"Harry, my dear boy! Harry!"

Master Harry starts up and looks at him.

"I am not angry, my child. I only want you to dress yourself and come home."

"Yes, pa."

Master Harry dresses himself quickly. His breast begins to swell when he has nearly finished, and it swells more and more as he stands at last, a-looking at his father.

"Please may I"—the spirit of that little creatur, and the way he kept his rising tears down!—"please, dear pa—may I—kiss Norah before I go?"

"You may, my child."

So he takes Master Harry in his hand and they come to that other bedroom, where the elderly lady is seated by the bed, and poor little Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, is fast asleep. There the father lifts the child up to the pillow, and he lays his little face down for an instant by the little warm face of the poor unconscious little Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, and gently draws it to him—a sight so touching to the chambermaids who are peeping through the door, that one of them calls out, "It's a shame to part 'em!"

Finally, Boots says, that's all about it. Mr. Walmers drove away in the chaise, having hold of Master Harry's hand. The elderly lady and Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, that was never to be (she married a Captain long afterwards, and died in India), went off the next day."

. . . . . .

By the time the Traveller had been snowed up for seven days at the Holly-Tree in this company, he was finding time so light on his hands that it needed the evidence of his bill to convince him of the length of his stay.

The road having been dug out the day before, and twenty-four hours allowed for it to improve, he had ordered a chaise for 8 o'clock that evening to drive him by the shortest road to Liverpool, where he was to meet his heavy luggage and embark for America, never to see his faithless Angela more. . . .

"I had taken leave of all my Holly-Tree friends—almost of my bashfulness, too—and was standing at the Inn door watching the ostler as he tied my portmanteau on the chaise, when I saw lamps coming down towards the Holly-Tree, at a lively rate too, between the walls of snow that had been heaped up on either side of the track. The chambermaid instantly divined how the case stood, and called to the ostler, 'Tom, this is a Gretna job!' The ostler, knowing that her sex instinctively scented a marriage, or anything in that direction, rushed up the yard, bawling, 'Next four out!', and in a moment the whole establishment was thrown into commotion.

"I had a melancholy interest in seeing the happy man who loved and was beloved; and therefore I remained at the Inn door when the fugitives drove up. A bright-eyed fellow jumped out so briskly that he almost overthrew me. He turned to apologise, and, by Heaven, it was Edwin!" . . .

But after a bewildering few minutes in the little parlour, while the horses were being put-to, and while the room was "reeling round in an uncertain way like a labouring humming-top" the traveller makes out that Edwin, bound indeed for Gretna, is running off, not with Angela—though with Angela's secret help and connivance—not with Angela; "God bless her for a precious creature and a priceless wife!"—but with Emmeline!

"Emmeline was Angela's cousin. Lived with her. Had been brought up with her. Was her father's ward. Had property.

"'Emmeline is in the chaise, my dear Edwin!' said I, embracing him with greatest affection.

"'My good fellow,' said he, 'do you suppose I should be going to Gretna Green without her?'

"I ran out with Edwin. I opened the chaise door, I took Emmeline in my arms, I folded her to my heart. I put their leaders to with my own hands, I gave the boys a five-pound note apiece, I cheered them as they drove away, I drove the other way myself as hard as I could pelt.

"I never went to Liverpool. I never went to America. I went straight back to London, and I married Angela. I have never until this time, even to her, disclosed the secret of my character, and the mistrust and the mistaken journey into which it led me. When she, and they, and our eight children and their seven—I mean Edwin's and Emmeline's—come to read these pages, I shall hardly fail to be found out, at last. Never mind! I can bear it. I began at the Holly-Tree, by idle accident, to associate the Christmas-time of year with human interest, and with some inquiry into, and some care for, the lives of those by whom I find myself surrounded. I hope that I am none the worse for it, and that no one near me or afar off is the worse for it. And I say, May the green Holly-Tree flourish!"

THE END.

EXQUISITE

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"ANTHONY TROLLOPE AND THE COUNTRY LIFE"

(*Continued from page* 38)

were hardly ever near enough each other for much conversation, and very little was said. According to arrangement made they returned to the house for lunch, it being their purpose not to go far from home till their numbers were complete. As they came over the bridge and put down their guns near the door, Mr. Dobbes spoke the first good-humoured word they had heard from his lips. "Why did you tell me such an infernal ——, I would say lie, only perhaps you mightn't like it."

"I told you no lie," said Gerald.

"You've only missed two birds all the morning, and you have shot forty-two. That's uncommonly good sport."

"What have you done?"

"Only forty," and Mr. Dobbes seemed for the moment gratified by his own inferiority. "You are a deuced sight better than your brother."

"Gerald's about the best shot I know," said Silverbridge. . . .'

Of flowers, fruits and trees he knew and cared no more than an intelligent cockney anxious to avoid a charge of cockneyism. And if he was moved by the beauties of nature, he was either incapable of describing his feelings or resolute in resisting the temptation to try.

He often wrote little sketches and essays on sports and pastimes, and later collected them in book form and, indeed, none of his books more clearly shows his lack of qualifications as a writer on sports. He desired to be thought a sportsman, and in that desire he expressed his hopes for the survival of British sports and pastimes. But, with the single exception of hunting, he knew less than the average Londoner of any of them; of football, cricket, golf, lawn tennis (the two last no doubt still in their English infancy) he knew nothing and cared less. He had not the faintest idea of the hold which all of them very soon after his death would obtain on the public.

In a word, Trollope, most famous as the creator of an English country more widely loved and real than many on the map of England, had in him no more of the countryman's lore, sporting knowledge and appreciation of natural beauty than the ruck of novelists of the country scene.

Orley Farm is perhaps the best source from which to assess or reject Trollope's claims or reputation in those respects. We nowhere find grounds for asserting that he was *not* a lover of beauty. In *Orley Farm* he attempts more than the above quoted description of the natural glories of "Cleeve," which he obviously meant to distinguish. But in each he shies away, once shelves the task and once at least fails to attain to more than guide-book approval. In the same novel, he reveals the best of his store of knowledge concerning farming and forestry and he shows it in *The Belton Estate*. But in the bulk of his novels, this creator of English country reserves the very minimum quota of space to *flora* and *fauna* and the very maximum to men and women.

His art lay in the comedy of manners and he had little interest in the setting of his stage.

The following extract from *The Eustace Diamonds* (Chapter 38) is perhaps too well known to quote as an example. Nappie's grey horse was founded on fact. Frank Greystock had innocently de-trained another man's horse in mistake for his own hireling and had ridden it to a standstill before the owner met him.

'"I say you, sir; you've stole my 'orse." Frank said not a word, but stood his ground with his hands on the nag's bridle. "You've stole my 'orse; you've stole him off the rail. And you've been a-riding him all day. Yes, you 'ave. Did ever anybody see the like of this? Why, the poor beast can't a'most stand."

"I got him from Mr. MacFarlane."

"MacFarlane be blowed. You didn't do nothing of the kind. You stole him off the rail at Stewarton. Yes, you did; and him booked to Kilmarnock. Where's a police? Who's to stand the like o' this? I say, my lord, just look at this." A crowd had now been formed round poor Frank, and the master had come up. Mr. Nappie was a Huddersfield man, who had come to Glasgow in the course of the last winter, and whose popularity in the hunting-field was not as yet quite so great as perhaps it might have been.

"There's been a mistake, I suppose," said the master.

"Mistake, my lord! Take a man's 'orse off the rail at Stewarton, and him booked for Kilmarnock, and ride him to a standstill! It's no mistake at all. It's 'orse nobbling; that's what it is. Is there any police here, sir?" This he said, turning round to a farmer. The farmer didn't deign any reply. "Perhaps you'll tell me your name, sir, if you've got a name? No gen'leman ever took a gen'leman's 'orse off the rail like that."

"Oh, Frank, do come away," said Lizzie who was standing by.

"We shall be all right in two minutes," said Frank.

LOTHBURY COURT, BANK OF ENGLAND
from the Drypoint by HENRY RUSHBURY, R.A., R.W.S., R.E.

Lothbury Court is part of the original building designed by Sir John Soane, R.A., who was architect to the Bank from 1788 to 1833. When the Bank of England was enlarged in 1924, Sir Herbert Baker, R.A., incorporated the fine doorway and court in his design. Mr. Rushbury, now Keeper of the Royal Academy, was commissioned to make several prints of the old building, and another notable drypoint illustrates the Governors' Court. The archway in the above picture through which the cart is passing, leads to the bullion chamber. The Janitors in their traditional scarlet and gold robes hold a long staff in their hands when the Court of the Governors of the Bank is in session.

"No we shan't," said Mr. Nappie, "nor yet in two hours. I've asked what's your name?"

"My name is—Greystock."

"Greystockings," said Mr. Nappie more angrily than ever. "I don't believe in no such name. Where do you live?" Then somebody whispered a word to him. "Member of Parliament—is he? I don't care a ——. A Member of Parliament isn't to steal my 'orse off the rail, and him booked to Kilmarnock. Now, my lord, what'd you do if you was served like that?" This was another appeal to the noble master.

"I should express a hope that my horse had carried the gentleman as he liked to be carried," said the master.

"And he has—carried me remarkably well," said Frank; whereupon there was a loud laugh among the crowd.

"I wish he'd broken the infernal neck of you, you scoundrel, you. That's what I do," said Mr. Nappie. "There was my man, and my 'orse, and myself, all booked from Glasgow to Kilmarnock; and when I got there what did the guard say to me? Why, just that a man in a black coat had taken my horse off at Stewarton; and now I've been driving all about the country in that gig there for three hours!" When Mr. Nappie had got so far as this in his explanation he was almost in tears. "I'll make 'im pay, that I will. Take your hand off my horse's bridle, sir. Is there any gentleman here as would like to give two hundred and eighty guineas for a horse, and then have him rid to a standstill by a fellow like that down from London? If you're in Parliament, why don't you stick to Parliament? I don't suppose he's worth fifty pound this moment."

"Mr. Nappie," he said, "I'll buy the horse for the price you gave for him."

"I'll see you—extremely well—first," said Mr. Nappie. . . .

"He'll send a bill in, you'll find," said a bystander.

"Not he," said Lord George. "His grievance is worth more to him than his money."

No bill did come to Frank, and he got his mount for nothing. When Mr. MacFarlane was applied to, he declared that no letter ordering a horse had been delivered in his establishment. From that day to this Mr. Nappie's grey horse has had a great character in Ayrshire; but all the world there says that its owner never rides him as Frank Greystock rode him that day. . . .'

THE END.

D.46

NO CAR RISES TO THE GREAT OCCASION AS FITTINGLY AS THE DAIMLER

LINKS WITH CHARLES DICKENS.

A Key to the characters from Dickens' Works at the foot of pages 12 and 13.

From left to right: Tony Weller, Sam Weller, Mr. Pickwick, Jingle, the Fat Boy, Bumble, Oliver Twist, Mrs. Bumble, the Artful Dodger, Bill Sikes, Fagin, Mrs. Squeers, Boy, Squeers, Ralph Nickleby, Madame and Mr. Mantalini, Kate Nickleby, Nicholas Nickleby, Little Nell, Nell's Grandfather, Quilp, Mrs. Gamp, Pecksniff, Barnaby Rudge, Captain Cuttle, Mr. Dick, David Copperfield as a boy, Dan'el Peggotty, Em'ly, Mr. Micawber, Uriah Heep, David Copperfield, Betsey Trotwood, Esther Summerson, Chadband, Smallweed and cat, Sydney Carton, viragos, Boffin, Silas Wegg, Bella Wilfer, dolls' dresser, Edwin Drood, Scrooge and the Ghost of Marley.

"FANCIFUL-LIKE, GREENWICH, 1881"

(*Continued from page* 8)

the voyage, and he drank more than was good for him. He used to sit in here for an hour or more every night, thinkin', and he didn't go no more to see Captain Haussey and Ellen. Walter Dawson seemed just the same; spent all his wages in the first two days ashore and always had two women hanging round his neck. He made the regulars in the public bar laugh fit to kill theirselves; he's a little dark man with one of those real comical faces and he can make you die laughing.

Captain Kane takes his ship off again about ten days ago with Dawson aboard as usual as first mate. For a day or two I hears Ellen's music comin' across the quay of an evenin' (it was durin' that spell o' fine weather we had at the beginnin' of the month), soundin' very loud. Really lovely it were. But a few days later, sir, she done *that*.

Yes, sir, very sad. And what seems the pity of it to me, sir, is that Captain Kane and Ellen would have got on so well together as man and wife, both being fanciful-like.

THE END.

"LOVERS' VOWS AT MANSFIELD PARK"

(*Continued from page* 18)

could wish.'

Sir Thomas saw all the impropriety of such a scheme among such a party, and at such a time, as strongly as his son had ever supposed he must; he felt it too much indeed for many words; and having shaken hands with Edmund, meant to try to lose the disagreeable impression, and forget how much he had been forgotten himself as soon as he could after the house had been cleared of every object enforcing the remembrance, and restored to its proper state. He did not enter into any remonstrance with his other children: he was more willing to believe they felt their error, than to run the risk of investigation. The reproof of an immediate conclusion of every thing, the sweep of every preparation would be sufficient."

Thus ended the amateur theatricals at Mansfield Park. Dramatic events were to follow, but not upon the stage in the billiard room. Henry Crawford left for Bath, and Maria, receiving no word from him, permitted herself to be wed to Mr. Rushworth. Mr. Yates, disappointed a second time in his ambition as an actor, had already departed and was not heard of again until the end of the book. Tom was away, too, and Mary Crawford amused herself with Edmund, while Henry returned to make unwelcome advances to Fanny. Beginning as mere dalliance in the absence of other suitable feminine company, he genuinely fell in love with her and, for a time, it appeared that he might reform. But the storm-clouds were soon to gather. Henry, meeting Mrs. Rushworth in London and being received coldly by her, must again test his power of attraction with the result that Maria left her husband and ran away with him. Julia eloped with Mr. Yates, and Mary Crawford, in her cynical attitude towards her brother's behaviour, was revealed to Edmund in her true colours. Meanwhile Tom had become seriously ill.

Sir Thomas had much to bear but there was some comfort to follow. His eldest son regained his health and with it a better sense of his duties; Julia's match "became a less desperate business than he had considered it at first," and Edmund, rid of his blindness to Mary Crawford's faults, found consolation in Fanny and married her. "With so much true merit and true love, and no want of fortune or friends, the happiness of the married cousins must appear as secure as earthly happiness can be." It remained only for the death of Dr. Grant, "... just after they had been married long enough to begin to want an increase of income, and feel their distance from the paternal abode an inconvenience" to leave the Parsonage vacant and for the happy pair to take up the living "... within the view and patronage of Mansfield Park ..."

THE END.

Lovers of Jane Austen will be interested to know that the cottage at Chawton, which is illustrated on the first page of this article (page 15*), was opened to the public as a museum last July. It was bought by Mr. T. Edward Carpenter, of Mill Hill, who presented it to the nation in memory of his son, Lieutenant Philip John Carpenter. Shaped like an* L*, Chawton Cottage stands at the junction of the London–Winchester and Portsmouth roads, and opposite the park of Chawton Great House. Many Jane Austen relics have gone to America, but in the museum in the drawing-room at Chawton a small but valuable collection has been assembled, including her oak desk. At the opening ceremony, a Mrs. Henry G. Burke, of Baltimore, who had bought locks of Jane's and her father's hair a short time before, rose and presented them to the museum.*

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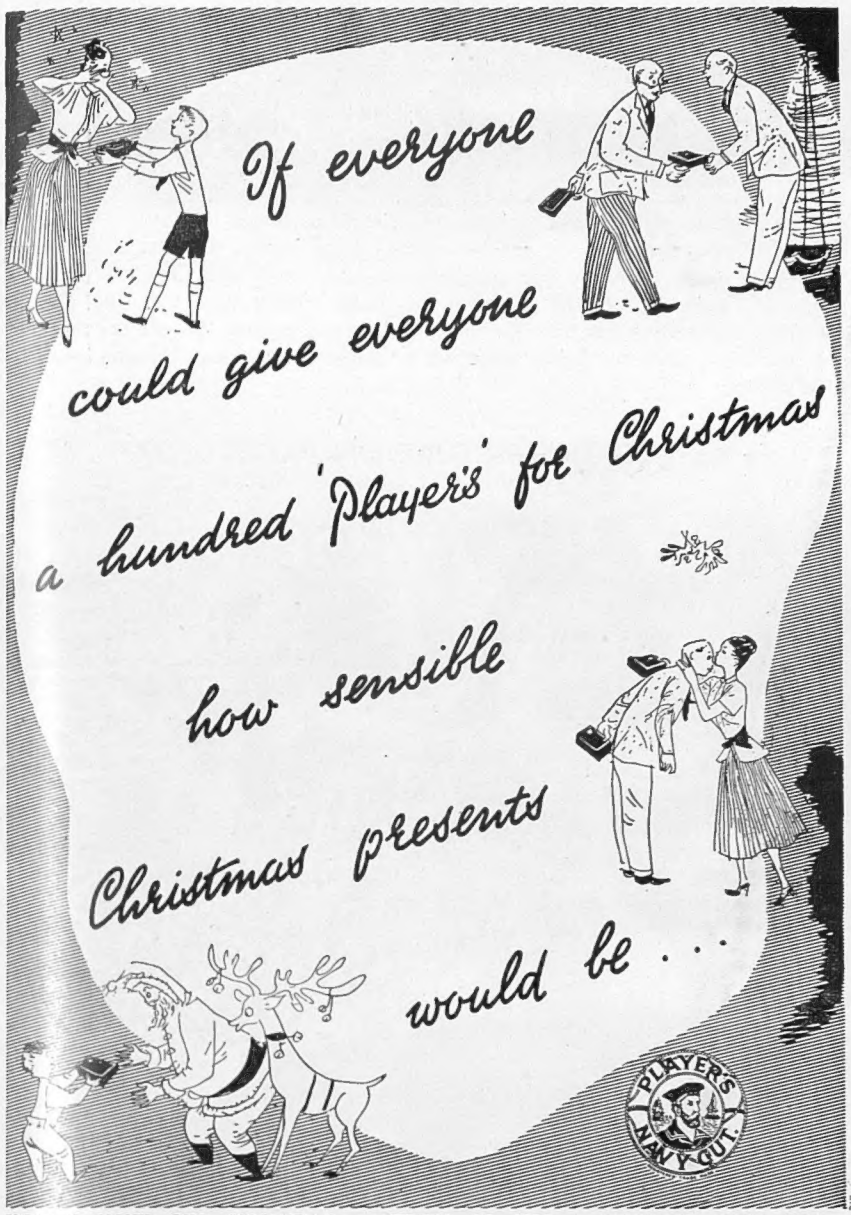

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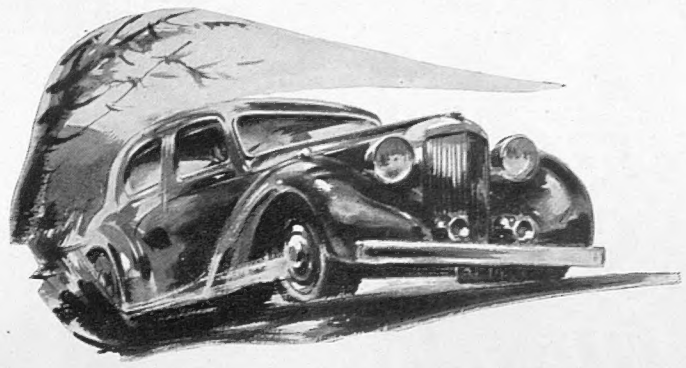

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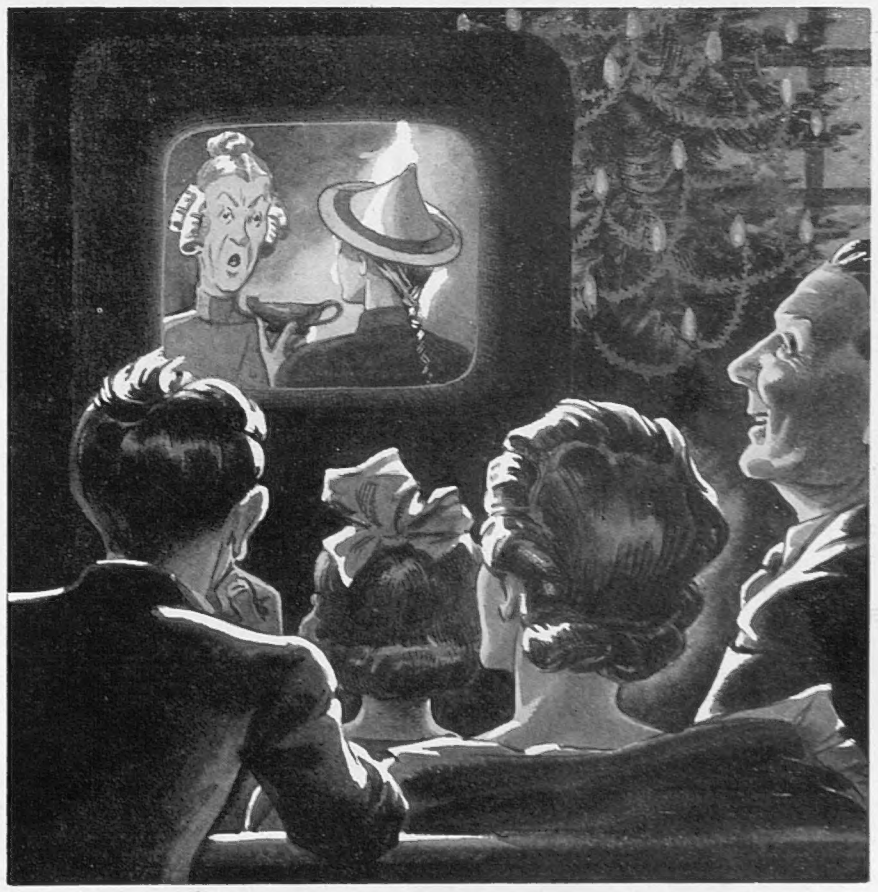

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THE NETHERLANDS PROVERBS

THE picture, one of the most precious possessions of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin, is painted on wood; its size is 64 in. by 45 in. It was most likely completed by the end of 1559. It depicts the world's folly in a great number of single scenes, set in a fantastic village, where everyone exercises his particular folly like a trade. The house on the left shows the sign of a globe with a cross upside down, symbol of the topsy-turviness of the world. Seventy-four of the proverbs and sayings in the picture can be traced by using the key, but the keen observer may well discover more. Many of these old sayings are now forgotten, others have changed their meaning, and only a few have their equivalent in English. Where the meaning was in doubt, we have preferred a literal translation to an obscure symbolism.

KEY TO THE PICTURE ON PAGES 26/27

1. Pancakes grow on the roof (in the mythical land of plenty). 2. Love under the roof is shameful, but convenient. 3. Wed under the broom. 4. He that does not look through his fingers does not get on in the world. 5. They hold each other by their noses. 6. It's the fool who gets the ace. 7. He let it go through the scissors' eye. 8. Leave one egg in the nest (nest-egg). 9. Touch pitch and be defiled. 10. He is in the right barber's shop, where he will be well lathered. 11. Two fools under one cap. 12. To shoot one arrow after the other. (To throw good money after bad.) 13. She knows how to tie the devil on a pillow. (She knows how to deal with the devil.) 14. A pillar-biter. (One who shows hypocritical devotion in church.) 15. She carries water in one hand, but fire in the other. 16. His herring can't be fried here. 17. Every herring must hang by his own gill. 18. To sit between two chairs. 19. Here, the sow undoes the bung. 20. No one can go through the wall with his head. 21. He hangs the bell round the cat's neck. 22. Probing the hen for unlaid eggs. 23. The sign of the scissors. (The cutpurse's symbol.) 24. He speaks with two mouths. (Deceitfulness.) 25. I shear the sheep and he uses the farrow. 26. One makes the thread of what the other one spins. (Gossip and lying go hand in hand.) 27. He carries a basket of light by day. 28. To light a candle for the devil. 29. He makes the devil his confessor. 30. The slanderer. 31. The fox and the crane ask each other to dinner. 32. When the calf (child) is drowned, the well is filled up. 33. He makes the world dance on his thumb. 34. To put a spoke in another's wheel. 35. He who stoops will get along in the world. 36. To mask our Lord with a flaxen beard. (To rebel against God.) 37. To cast roses (pearls) before swine. 38. She has put a blue cloak over him. (Made him a cuckold.) 39. He doesn't know how to kill the pig. 40. Two dogs over one bone seldom agree. 41. He sits on fiery coals. 42. He catches one fish with the other. 43. To fall through the basket. 44. To take the chicken-egg and to leave the goose-egg. 45. He yawns towards the stove. 46. He hardly knows how to get from one loaf to the other. 47. He looks for the axe. 48. He that spilled his pap, cannot ladle up all of it again. 49. The last one gets the cracknel. (A play with the words cracknel and quarrel.) 50. He is a stay at home. 51. He plays the fiddle in the pillory. 52. He comes down from the ox to the ass. (Comes down in the world.) 53. Two beggars before one door. 54. He fishes behind the net. 55. Large fishes eat the smaller ones. 56. It angers him that the sun is shining upon the water. 57. To throw one's money into the water. 58. To kill two flies with one flap. (Two birds with one stone.) 59. Lucky the house where the stork comes to roost. 60. He turns his coat as the wind blows. 61. To fling one's feathers into the wind. 62. One cuts broad straps out of other people's hands. 63. To grip the eel at his tail. 64. To swim against the current. 65. He throws his cows over the fence. 66. He leads the bear. 67. If you must hunt, drive the black pigs from your field. 68. When the house burns, warm yourself at the embers. 69. Sail while the wind blows. 70. If tending geese is not my job, I leave the geese to themselves. 71. Horsedung isn't figs. 72. If you see the wolf there is no need to look for his footprints. 73. To butter the gallows. 74. The blind leading the blind.

Pieter Bruegel, the Elder, was born some time before 1530 in one of two villages of the same name in the borderland between present-day Belgium and present-day Holland. In spite of his intimate knowledge of peasant life and his obvious love for it, it is by no means certain that he was himself of peasant origin and upbringing. His portraits show the urbane type of artist of the period, bearded, cultured, thoughtful, rather melancholy. And the strikingly wide range of his subjects, his depth of thought and grim satire—although very often clothed in popular allegory—have much in common with the literary work of Erasmus of Rotterdam, Sebastian Brant and Rabelais, who all wrote for a comparatively small educated circle. Bruegel's genius deeply influenced the Dutch and Flemish school of painters till far into the seventeenth century. His sincerity, satirical conception of the world's folly his exquisite sense of colour and the unique poetry of his landscapes were eclipsed by more obvious values during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but are coming into their own in our time.

He died in 1669 in Brussels and his two sons, Pieter and Jan, although excellent artists in their own right, followed in his steps and completed much of the work he had to leave unfinished. Flower paintings by his son Jan, and by his grandson Ambrosius, are reproduced in the special section of Dutch flower paintings in this issue.

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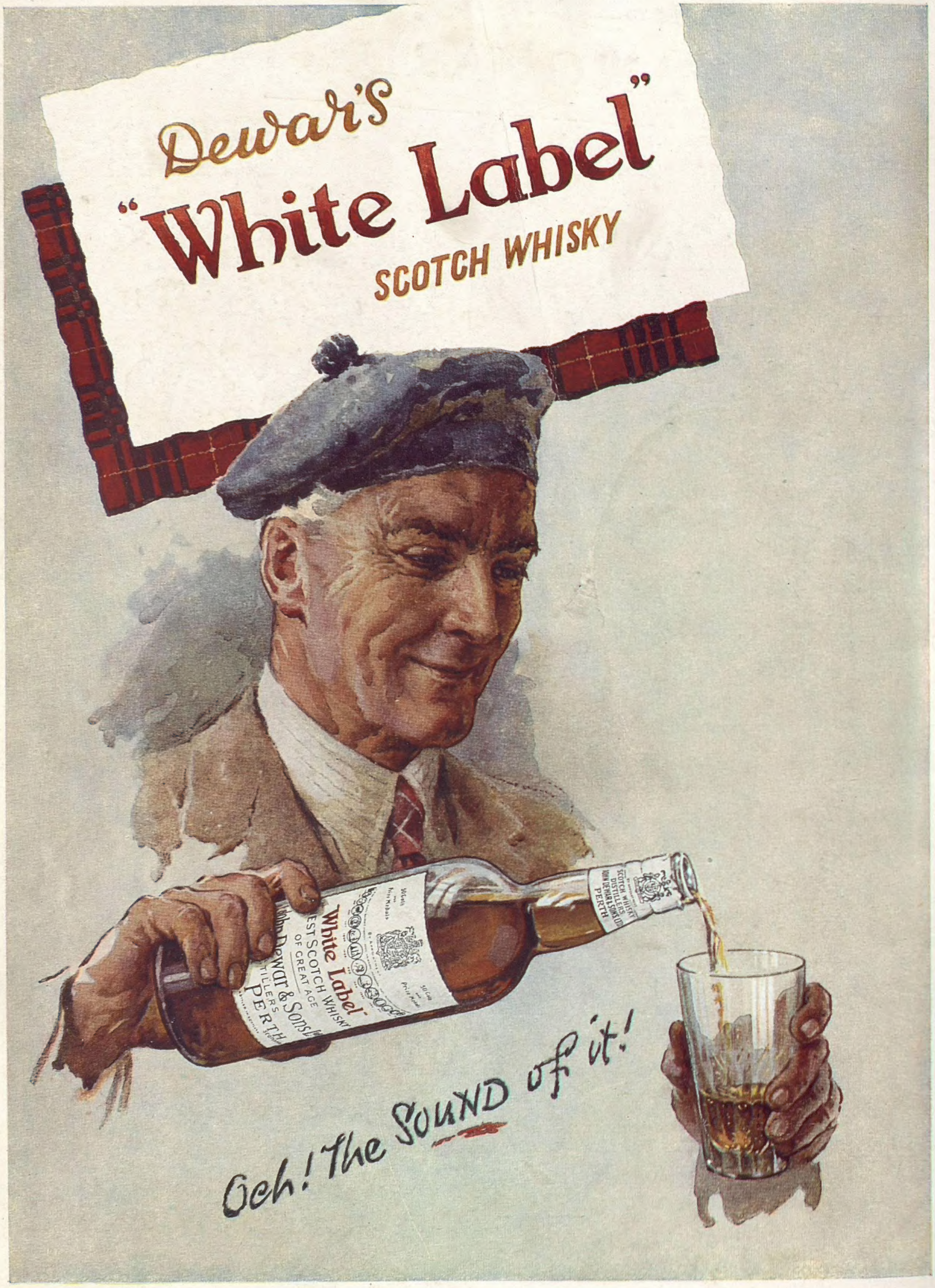

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